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MEMORIAL DAY

IN WISCONSIN SCHOOLS

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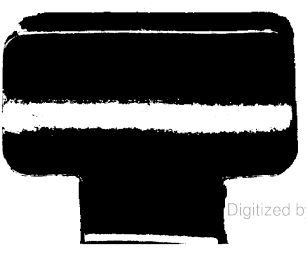

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WISCONSIN

MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL

1918

COMPILED BY

O. S. Rice, Supervisor of School Libraries, with the cooperation of H. W. Rood, Patriotic Instructor of the Grand Army of the Republic for Wisconsin

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ISSUED BY

C. P. CARY

STATE SUPERINTENDENT

MADISON, WISCONSIN

Democrat Printing Co., State Printer

1918

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Note

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Across the sea a challenge came
With roar of guns and flash of flame!
"Twixt Might and Right" the line was drawn
And Freedom's last great fight was on!
America that challenge heard;
Her answer all the world has stirred!
See! Streaming on the winds of France
Her flag and allied flags advance!
Nor will those allied flags be furled
Till Freedom triumphs thru the world.

—H. T. SUDDRITH in *Journal of Education.*

Foreword

The Memorial Day Annual is issued yearly in compliance with the law. For years it has been sent forth to the schools previous to the thirtieth of May—Memorial Day—in order that the schools may use the material contained in it for Memorial Day exercises and during the year for material of a patriotic and informational sort. In this issue it seems highly appropriate that much of the material should relate to the great war in which our country is engaged. In it will be found poetry and songs relating to the present war and a discussion of such topics as Red Cross work, patriotism and loyalty.

President Wilson declares, "The world must be made safe for democracy." To this sentiment every loyal American instantly and heartily responds. The burden of making the world safe for democracy at this critical moment falls upon the men, the women, and the youth of to-day. Our people are responding and will continue to respond as did the gallant boys in blue in '61 respond to the call to preserve this Union as an undivided nation. To President Wilson's statement may well be added, "Democracy must be made safe for the world." This task falls upon all, but it rests with peculiar force and significance upon the teachers who are training the boys and girls of to-day,—the active citizens of tomorrow. Whether democracy is to be safe for all the world, or even safe for America, must depend in large degree upon the kind of instruction given in the homes of our people and especially in the schools in which our children are taught. Democracy is not a form that can once for all be adopted by a people as their kind of government. Like religion democracy is a thing that must be lived,—must be preserved and developed by effort, often effort of a sort that tries the souls of men as does war.

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What is the instruction and the training most appropriate and fundamental for the children and youth of a republic? I take it that such instruction must reach down into the very depths of human nature and human character and there create ideals and attitudes of mind that we are proud to call democratic. The people of a democratic nation must be taught to respect the rights and liberties of other people and of other nations, but without being so pacific as to allow their own rights and liberties to be trampled upon. They must be taught the significance in our Declaration of Independence of the words, "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"; they must be taught to observe good faith and justice toward all people and all nations; they must be taught respect for government and obedience to the law; they must be taught that in a democracy it is the duty and the responsibility of all citizens to be interested in governmental affairs of both state and nation; they must be taught the duty of informing themselves on public questions, and of exercising the right of the ballot. It is not the business of the schools to teach hatred of men, but it is the business of the schools in a democracy to teach the inestimable value of democratic government as over against autocracy in any form.

Self-government is the only kind of government that can ultimately prevail in the world, because it alone is the kind of government that can be free from caste and class; and the idea of caste and class is repulsive to the fundamental nature and instincts of free and independent manhood. A democracy, however, is prone to certain weaknesses, and to eliminate these weaknesses our schools must incessantly strive. Freedom is not freedom to injure one's neighbor, and liberty is not license. Let us take thought at this time as never before with respect to the great and inestimable worth of democratic government as adapted to the most advanced civilization, and at the same time let us guard against the evils of individualism, anarchy, false independence, and lack of interest and intelligence in public affairs. While the adults of to-day are fighting this war to a finish, let the children be learning those lessons which will make for truth, for justice, for co-operation, for liberty, and for the permanence of democratic institutions and ideals.

C. P. CARY, *State Superintendent.*

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Table of Contents

	Page
Across the Sea a Challenge Came (stanza). H. T. Suddrith	3
Foreword. C. P. Cary	3
Come Forth From the Fields (stanza). M. M. Campbell	6
My Own Country. J. B. Winslow	6
The Old Wisconsin Battle Flags. H. W. Rood	10
Wisconsin's Battle-scarred Banners. H. W. Rood	14
Reunion of the Blue and the Gray. John Corry	17
The Meaning of the Flag. Woodrow Wilson	24
He's Gone (stanza). W. W. Gibson	25
Where Lincoln Stood (poem). Edmund Vance Cooke	26
Belgium. Sidney Low	26
Old Abe, the Wisconsin War Eagle. H. W. Rood	27
Take the Loan (poem). E. E. Hale	43
Why We Are at War. Franklin K. Lane	44
I Have a Son (poem). Emory Pottle	46
Processional (poem). Cale Young Rice	47
The Boy and Girl Soldiers of 1918. R. B. Pixley	48
Peace with the German people; an editorial dialog. Booth Tarkington	51
The Junior Red Cross. Louise F. Brand	55
Allied Nations Flag Drill. Cornelia Cooper and Irma J. Baus	58
Municipal Funds for Memorial Day Celebrations	61
Our Orders (poem). Julia Ward Howe	62
In Flanders Fields (poem). John McCrae	63
Americans, Hail! (stanza). William Watson	63
The Service Flag (poem). Josephine M. Fabricant	64
The Kid Has Gone to War (poem). Wm. M. Herschell	65
To the Belgians (poem). Laurence Binyon	66
A Twentieth Century Paul Revere (poem). Bennett Chapple	67
I Have a Rendezvous with Death (poem). Alan Seeger	68
The Name of France (poem). Henry Van Dyke	68
Suggested Stanzas for *America*	69
War Rounds. Peter W. Dykema	70
To Arms! (song). John F. Howard	71
The Land of Freedom (song). Louise Ayres Garnett	72
Marching Song of Freedom. Louise Ayres Garnett	73
Carry On for Freedom (song). Leo G. Schussmann	74
Battle Hymn of the World War. Peter W. Dykema	75
Battle Hymn of the Republic (with music). Julia Ward Howe	76
America the Beautiful (song with music)	77
When Johnny Comes Marching Home (song with music)	78

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Come forth from the fields, come forth from the hills
Come forth from the farm, the mines and the mills,
From pleasure or slumber, from work or from play,
Come forth in your armor, to aid her today;
There's a thing to be told, and a deed to be done,
A truth to be uttered, a war to be won—
Come forth in your armor, come forth every one.

M. M. CAMPBELL, JR., in *Journal of Education.*

My Own Country

By J. B. WINSLOW, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court

Love of one's country has ever been one of the strongest emotions of the human heart. Whether that country be large or small, whether it shiver under the wintry blasts of the frozen north or bask under the glorious sunlight of the tropics, its very name carries an appeal to the native-born like the appeal of home and mother.

It has been the favorite theme of the poet's pen and the artist's brush, and it has nerved the hearts of patriots in every age to those deeds of heroism which history has crowned with immortality.

It is related of the great novelist, Scott, that, in his last days, when death had already marked him for its own, he traveled to Italy in the hope of regaining some measure of health and strength. It was a vain hope, and, as month followed month and he realized that he was steadily losing the battle for life, his longing to see his native land once more became so great that his attendants sorrowfully turned their steps homeward. With difficulty they made the long journey, for with every mile the great man's condition became worse, but the thought of home and country buoyed him up, and when at last he saw in the distance the rippling Tweed and the heathery hills of Scotland, tears of joy filled his eyes and he murmured, "I hae seen much, but nothing like my ain home." He knew his death was near, but he was serenely happy; he was in his native land at last, it was the fairest land in the world to him, and there he was content to die.

And so it has always been. To the Irishman there is no land

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like Ireland; the Frenchman's heart is ever true to beautiful France, and the German knows no land to compare with the Fatherland.

Is it quite so with Americans? They talk much of the Stars and Stripes, and have a great deal to say of Uncle Sam and of America's greatness, but do they as a people possess that devoted love for their country that other peoples have?

One would hesitate to answer this question with an unqualified negative, but it must be admitted that there is in this country a very widespread attitude of faint-hearted loyalty and indifference to the duties of citizenship which makes one doubt whether it can be answered in the affirmative.

And yet no people ever had better reason to be proud ot their country than Americans, and no child ever had a nobler birthright than the American child.

Let us think for a moment why this is so. One might rightly enumerate here the physical and material treasures with which America is blest; her mountains, her lakes, her rivers and forests, her mineral resources, and her fertile plains unsurpassed as they are in beauty and extent by those of any other country; these are all things of which we have a right to be proud, but let us now consider rather the spiritual than the material blessings with which we Americans are surrounded, and let us think also of what those blessings have cost.

We should realize first of all that this is the land of golden opportunity, the land where the path of advancement is open to every youth. There are here no distinctions of birth or rank to be broken down, no chains of caste which bar the way.

Not long since at a great patriotic meeting in Chicago one of the speakers was a man of foreign birth who spoke English with a decided accent, and who, from a very humble station, had become the head of a great press association. He said in substance, "Why should I not be a patriot? I came to this country a poor boy obliged to work in a mine to get my living. I am now honored by being requested to address a great meeting of my fellow citizens who are considering some of the gravest questions ever considered by any people. In no country in the world other than America would this be possible. Why should I not be a patriot? Why should I not be faithful to the death to a country which has freely given me such an opportunity?"

The great audience thundered its applause: the question was

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unanswered and unanswerable. And how did America come to be the land of opportunity? Let us see.

Nearly three centuries ago there came to this land, where up to that time only the Indian roved, bands of men and women who had been denied both liberty and opportunity in the land of their birth, and who dreamed of both. They were not all of one race or of one creed, but of many races and many creeds. We can have little conception of the hardships which they suffered. Hunger and disease stalked through their villages by day and the war whoop of the savage brought to them terror by night. But they were neither weaklings nor cowards, and they won the battle. The colonies grew and prospered; the colonists achieved the liberty and opportunity which had been denied them in their native lands. But with their prosperity there came also danger. England coveted their wealth and laid on them taxes which they had no part in levying. It was an insidious attack upon their liberty; the entering wedge, the first step leading to a denial of both liberty and opportunity, and the colonists knew it.

With heroic fortitude they met the issue. They declared that all men were created equal in right and that every man was entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Upon these two great propositions they founded a government, and in support of that government they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

It needs not to recite at length the deeds of the patriots of the revolution in the long war that followed. They are inscribed on fame's eternal honor roll and every school boy knows them. Privation, if not destitution, stood on every threshhold: the patriot soldiery, ragged, hungry, and ill-equipped, met with superb courage the legions of monarchy on many a hard-fought battle field; down into the gloom of Valley Forge they went, but they never flinched: the graves multiplied, but those patriots fought for a wonderful ideal which nerved every heart; cheerfully they met death and wounds and hardship, and at last they achieved their object. They had established the first great government in the world, consciously based upon the principle of equality of right and opportunity.

From that far-off day down to the present time this nation, conceived amidst the blood and tears of patriots and founded on the eternal rights of man, has pursued its steady course to

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greatness. It has preserved its great ideal intact. Not always perhaps has that ideal been perfectly carried out, for every government is but a human institution after all, and legislation is never perfect, but the lapses have only been temporary. It has welcomed to its shores the oppressed of every nation, and bid them share its blessings equally with the native born; at the cost of hundreds of thousands of lives and almost countless treasure it struck the chains of slavery from millions of men and gave them liberty and opportunity; a score of years ago it saw poor Cuba torn by violence and bloodshed, writhing under the tyranny of Spain, and it took up arms to end the shocking story. Its armies went there, not for conquest or power, but to carry to that stricken isle the blessings of self-government on the basis of equality, of right and opportunity, and when these ends had been accomplished the armies were withdrawn and Cuba was free. The Philippines came to us by purchase rather than by conquest. America has announced her purpose to give the people of those islands absolute independence as soon as it seems certain that they are fit to govern themselves, and that promise will be kept.

A year ago America took up arms for the freedom of the world which was threatened with destruction by the greatest military despotism which history records. In this great war she asks no foot of foreign soil, she seeks no toll of human lives, she has no dreams of conquest. She fights only for human liberty, and that not for herself alone, but for the other nations of the world as well, whether large or small.

Has any other nation in the world such a record of heroic sacrifice upon the altar of Liberty?

Has any other great and powerful nation put aside thoughts of conquest and self-aggrandizement and waged war only for humanity and liberty? Does not such a country deserve our admiration, our love, and our devotion? Is she not a country to live for, and if need be, to die for? Will not every American child of whatever descent strive to be worthy of this wonderful heritage?

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The Old Wisconsin Battle Flags

By H. W. Rood, Patriotic Instructor, G. A. R.

Two hundred battle flags carried by Wisconsin troops in the Civil War of 1861-65 and the Spanish-American war in 1898, are now in the new Grand Army Memorial Hall on the fourth floor of the north wing of the Capitol. Steel cases with plate glass fronts are being made for them, and they will soon be enclosed in their permanent abiding place. Those of the Civil War are very much worn and faded. They have suffered not only from the rough usage of war, but during the more than half a century since they were brought home the tooth of time has so eaten into the silk of which they were made that many of them are now mere shreds of what they were when carried away to war. Were it not for the gauze with which they are covered some of them would by their own weight drop into fragments.

Nearly all of them were riddled by bullets in battle and shattered by shell. Several of them have staffs that were splintered or broken into pieces so that they had hurriedly to be mended by rough slats nailed alongside and bound around with cords. Those thus damaged by shot and shell are the flags of the first light artillery and the first, second, sixth, seventh, eighteenth, twenty-second, twenty-fourth, thirty-third, and thirty-seventh infantry regiments. The flagstaff of the first infantry is in four pieces. It was thus broken up in the fierce battle at Chaplin Hills, Kentucky, October 8, 1862, where all members of the color guard but three were either killed or wounded. The staff of one flag of the sixth regiment was pierced by four bullets, all in that part which was next to the body of the brave color bearer. It must be that he too was shot through. Another flagstaff of the sixth was shot in two.

The staff of the flag of the seventh Wisconsin was lost in the battle of Gettysburg, and one of the men cut and trimmed an oak sapling to supply its place. This was during the battle. That same crooked oak stick still holds the flag as it now is. The flagstaffs of the twenty-second, twenty-fourth, thirty-third and the thirty-seventh were shot in two.

There is a story that I must tell about the flag of the thirty-seventh. It comes from the history of the regiment.

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FLAG OF THE FIRST WISCONSIN THREE YEARS INFANTRY

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Heroic Sergeant Green

On the 17th day of June, 1864, the regiment was in a fearful battle in front of Petersburg, Virginia. "In this engagement Sergeant William H. Green, of Company C, regimental color bearer, was shot through both legs by a grape shot, in the early part of the fight. He was unable to walk, and, fearful that the colors entrusted to his charge should fall into the hands of the enemy, he rolled the flag on the staff, and seizing this in his teeth, drew himself off the field and behind works to a place of safety.

Such unselfish patriotism is deserving of the highest commendation, though poor Green lived barely long enough to know that his courageous act was known and appreciated." He died of his wounds a month from the day when he so heroically saved the flag of his regiment. It is with reverence that I stand before the banner dragged off the field by the brave sergeant. The record says that he enlisted from York, in Green County, and was as tall as Abraham Lincoln.

Flag of the Iron Brigade

The famous "Iron Brigade" was composed of the second, sixth, and seventh Wisconsin, nineteenth Indiana, and twenty-fourth Michigan. It was badly cut up in the battle of Gettysburg, and the governors of the three states decided to present to the brigade a fine silk banner in appreciation of its gallantry. This was done at Culpepper Court House, September 17, 1863. It was a great occasion—speeches and music, with cheers for the beautiful banner, which, because of the elegant embroidery put upon it, is said to have cost about a thousand dollars. It was with patriotic pride that it was borne in the brigade to the end of the war, when, because Wisconsin had three regiments in the brigade and the other states only one each, it was decided that it should come to the Badger State for keeping. Here it is to be put into a large frame and hung over the platform of Memorial Hall as a center of attraction.

Three of the flags, one each of the first cavalry and the twenty-first and thirty-sixth infantry were captured by the Confederates, and were returned to Wisconsin after the war.

Much more could be said about these silent old witnesses of the heroic devotion of the brave soldier boys who gave their

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FLAG PRESENTED TO THE IRON BRIGADE

lives for the life of our nation. Eloquently will they speak to the generations to come of the price paid for our prosperous and happy condition as a united people.

When all these old flags are put into their cases, there will be a formal dedication of the hall, with an appropriate program.

Visitors at Madison should visit Memorial Hall and look upon these old battle flags—flags so loved and defended by the fathers and grandfathers of thousands of the present citizens of Wisconsin. To stand and look upon them, the mind going back to the heroic scenes of self-sacrifice of which they eloquently testify, should be an inspiration to live worthily for the principles for which our color bearers died.

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Wisconsin's Battle-scarred Banners

Wisconsin's old battle--scarred banners
All fragile and war-worn and torn,
Their colors once bright now dim to the sight,
So faded are they and worn;
Exposed to the sunshine and storm,
Borne aloft in the thick of the fray,
And gnawed by the sharp tooth of time
Their brightness has long passed away.

But once they were beautiful banners,
Resplendent in Red, White, and Blue—
Bright emblems of Freedom and Union,
The pride of our soldiers so true.
Our brave boys were drilled under them
To the music of fife and the drum,
Prepared in the school of the soldier
For the strenuous days soon to come.

When they marched away to the Southland
To fight for the land we all love,
They hoisted those beautiful banners,
And kept them a-waving above;
They bore them up on their long marches,
And camped close around them at night;
They loved them with loyal devotion,
And followed them into the fight.

In many a battle these flags were borne,
Right into the midst of the fight,
Where brave men fought fiercely—both sides
Believing their cause to be right.
There thick-flying bullets and bursting shell
Spread death and destruction around,
And these banners were riddled, were blackened with smoke—
And some of them fell to the ground.

But the color-guards caught them, up-raised them again,
Defying both danger and death,
Determined to guard them, to keep them aloft,
And defend them until their last breath.
The fire of the enemy focused around
The colors and the brave boys who bore them,
So they were the first in the fierce charge to fall—
And the columns came rushing on o'er them.

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The field is all strewn with dying and dead—
A thousand brave boys went down in the strife;
They fought for their flag, their nation to save,
And sealed their devotion by giving their life.
Their colors were saved, yet they are not what they were,
They are all battle-scarred—some tattered and torn;
They are blackened with powder, and some of them stained
With the blood of the heroes by whom they were borne.

Four years of fighting for the flag,
Four years of conflict—stubborn, fierce,
Four years heroic sacrifice,
Four years of sorrow and distress.
Yet as those years dragged slowly by
In camp, on march, and battlefield,
Through hardship, danger, and disease
Men's courage tried—they would not yield.

Peace came at last, and victory too,
Our cause well won, our Union saved;
O'er all our reunited land
The Stars and Stripes in triumph waved.
The boys who'd marched away to war
Came back as bronzed and bearded men;
Their flags, for which they'd fought so well,
They furled—and brought them home again.

For more than half a hundred years
A precious heritage they've been,
Reminders of heroic deeds,
Memorials of heroic men.
Now in this noble Capitol,
"In costly marble drest,"
We give these honored flags of ours
Their place of final rest.

May all who come in future years
To this Memorial Hall
And look upon these faded flags
Our honored dead recall;
And as with loving gratitude
Their hearts within them throb,
Here pledge anew allegiance
To Country, Home, and God.

Allegiance we pledge to these old battle flags,
And to the republic for which they stand—
One nation united in loyal devotion,
With freedom and justice to all in our land.

—H. W. Rood.

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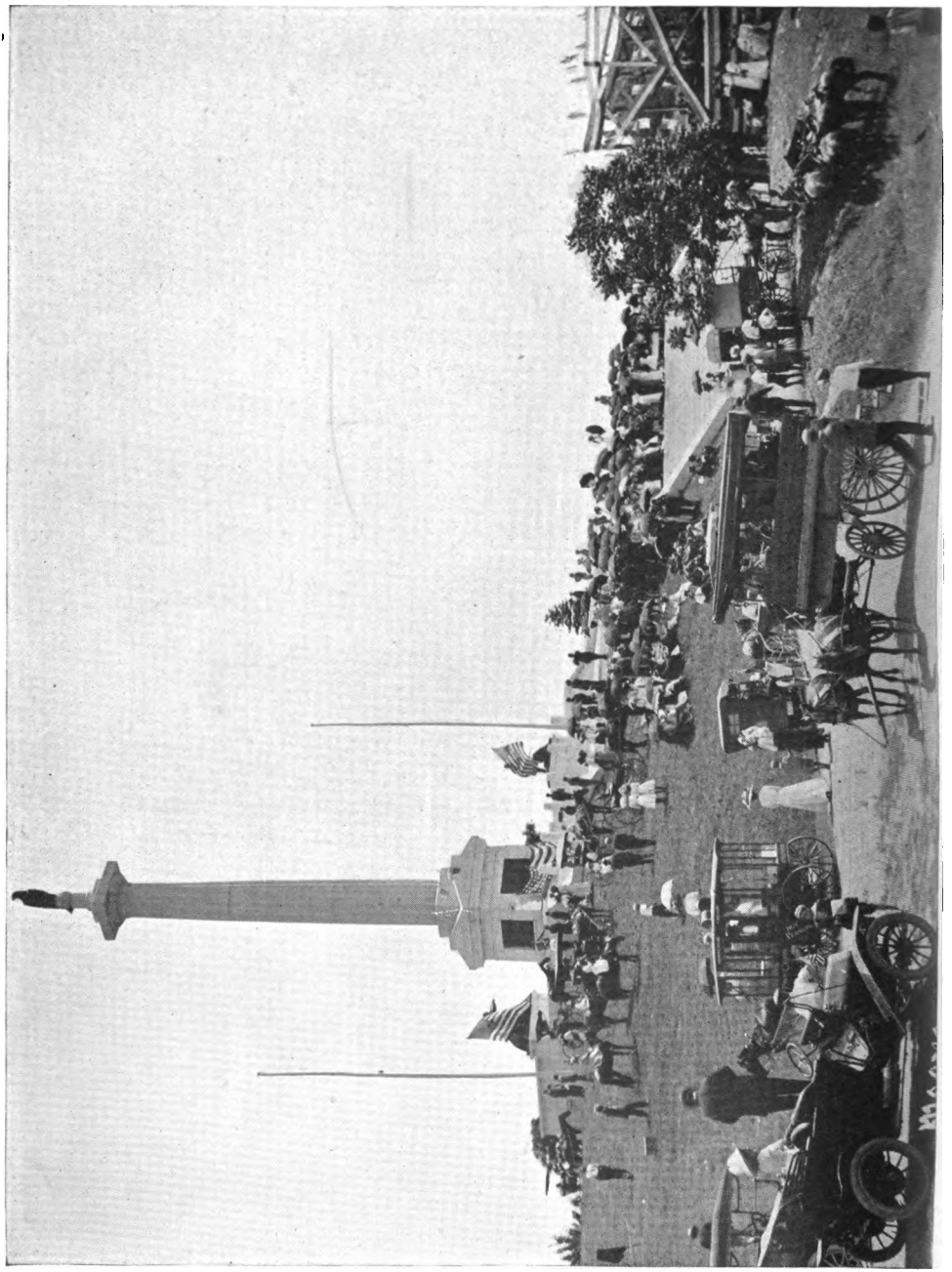

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Reunion of the Blue and the Gray

Vicksburg, Mississippi, October 16-19, 1917

By JOHN CORRY, *Marinette*

It has been a common saying that republics are ungrateful —that they do not richly reward those who give them distinguished service. However this may be in general, our government did a most generous deed last summer when it expended $150,000 in laying out within the National Military Park at Vicksburg a camp for a great jubilee reunion of the Blue and the Gray. To this camp Uncle Sam invited all soldiers of the Civil War, both Union and Confederate, to be his guests during the week beginning October 15.

For those who could accept his generous invitation he set up a city of tents—circus tents, hundreds of them, big and little; put therein cots and bedding, with electric lights; established a system of electric lighting and water works, a big kitchen near an acre of tables, and many other conveniences for the suitable entertainment of his guests.

Wisconsin's Liberal Provision

The legislature of Wisconsin had generously and unanimously voted an appropriation sufficient to pay for two long trains of sleeping and dining cars for the free transportation—with meals—to and from Vicksburg of all old soldiers of both armies, who were citizens of the state, and who had belonged to regiments or batteries that took part in the campaign and siege of Vicksburg in the spring and summer of 1863. Nearly four hundred old veterans accepted the proffered courtesy of Uncle Sam and our good state Wisconsin. I was not born soon enough to enlist in the Civil War, yet I had from my boyhood been deeply interested in its history; and so I gladly paid for a ticket to go along with the comrades, and, so far as possible, get into their spirit.

The Journey to Dixie

Our two trains left Chicago on the night of October 13. After a very pleasant trip, we arrived at the Vicksburg Park on the

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afternoon of Monday, the 15th. We made a stop of two hours at Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, forty-five miles east of Vicksburg. There General Grant's army on its way around to the rear of Vicksburg had fought a sharp battle on the 14th of May, and some of the comrades who had been in that conflict undertook to hunt up the place of the fight. The people of Jackson received us kindly and courteously, showing as much of civility as if we had been their own soldiers. They showed us around town, manifesting especial pride in their new million-dollar capitol building, also a natural interest in the old capitol, wherein there is a large collection of historic relics. We found in Jackson many Confederates who were going to Vicksburg to attend the big reunion. As we were about to leave, a large man in Confederate uniform placed his hands on our shoulders, saying: "Boys, I am the United States Marshal of this district, and any courtesy that an ex-Confederate soldier or citizen can show to a Federal veteran or any other visitor from the North will give us pleasure."

Our ride from Jackson to Vicksburg was over historic ground. In May, fifty-four years before, fierce battles were fought at Champion's Hill and Black River Bridge, as General Grant's army approached Vicksburg. Many of the comrades on our train studied closely the country through which we passed, trying to identify various localities of special interest to them. Just within the old Union siege lines at Vicksburg a thousand-foot platform had been built, and there our train stopped. The old boys hustled out of the cars where they had been nearly two days, and with their baggage took up their march of half a mile down a ravine toward the south, and there in a widening of the valley, not far from where the Eleventh Wisconsin infantry had done duty in the siege, found the tented city to which Uncle Sam had invited them. It was said to be the largest spread of such tents ever set up. One of them, assigned to the comrades from Illinois, was large enough for thirteen hundred cots. Our Wisconsin men found their tent with five hundred cots—comfortable beds all made up and awaiting them. Every man was at liberty to choose his own. In general comrades of the same regiment got as near together as practicable. Other tents—hundreds of them—dwindled down to sizes for half a dozen cots.

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The Old Camp Ground

It was not long after they were located before the old veterans, somewhat eager to stretch their legs, climbed to the ridges and scattered over the grounds between the siege lines, noting the changes since 1863. Some of them had no difficulty in finding the old locations, but others were somewhat lost as to just where they were in the siege. The trees that would have shut off the general view of the siege lines, with much of the underbrush, had been cut away when the park was laid out. The men found much to admire in the winding avenues that followed pretty closely the old lines of intrenchment on both sides, Union and Confederate. All along these avenues, hundreds of markers in iron or bronze indicated the position of various bodies of troops in the siege. In plain raised letters these markers tell about the events that took place near where they stand, giving names of commanders and telling the losses in killed and wounded.

The general government had laid out and built the avenues and put up the markers. After that the most of the states having had soldiers there erected state and regimental monuments in commemoration of service rendered during the campaign. Hundreds of regimental monuments now stand along both Union and Confederates avenues. The park contains 1,324 acres. It includes the old siege lines of both armies, and extends in a curve from the river above the city to the river below it, about twelve miles. The avenues follow in general the Union and the Confederate works as they were during the siege. The most of the way they lie along the ridges, yet must here and there pass down through the valleys and across many concrete and iron bridges. They wind about in graceful curves in and out of the deep ravines, through deep shade and into the open. They are smooth macadamized roads, as good as the best city streets. Their entire length is about thirty-two miles, and every mile, yes, every rod of them is of both historic and scenic interest. There are not only monuments but mounted busts and medallions of leading officers of both armies here and there facing the avenues. All these features were intensely interesting to the old comrades who had been soldiers there when they were boys.

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MONUMENT TO THE ELEVENTH WISCONSIN INFANTRY, VICKSBURG NATIONAL PARK

One of thirteen similar monuments to Wisconsin units engaged in the siege of Vicksburg

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The Wisconsin Memorial

Of the many unique state monuments in the Vicksburg Park, our Wisconsin memorial is one of the finest. It is a simple shaft rising a little more than a hundred feet, and is surmounted by "Old Abe", the famous war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin, done in bronze. It stands on a knoll and can be seen miles away in all its graceful beauty. Around the inside of the balustrade surrounding the broad platform upon which the monument stands, there are bronze tablets, one for every Wisconsin regiment and battery in the campaign—seventeen in all—bearing the names of all the men in those units. Every comrade was particularly pleased to find his own name.

In all there are 9,075 names. Our Wisconsin regimental monuments are among the finest in the park. They are of brown Montello granite, highly polished, and twelve feet high.

National Cemetery

A most interesting spot in the Vicksburg Park is the National Cemetery, to which, during the years following the war, 17,014 bodies of our Union soldiers were brought for burial. Every grave is marked by a stone, but 12,909 of these are marked "unknown", while 4,105 have the names of the men who sleep under them. Of these names 293 are those of Wisconsin soldiers. This cemetery is at the north of the city on the hillside rising from near the river to a height of 145 feet. This hill, along its steep slope and at the top, has, by engineering skill and landscape gardening, been made beautiful indeed. From it there is a noble view of the great river and the low-lying country reaching many miles toward the north and west, which was the scene of lively army activity from January until July 4, 1863.

Uncle Sam a Generous Host

In order that those attending the reunion might get about over the long distances in the park and to and from the city, Uncle Sam had furnished sixty-five auto trucks with adjustable seats, every one capable of carrying twenty men. These trucks were free for all, and were kept on the go from morning until night. It was indeed amusing to see load after load of "Yanks" and "Johnny Rebs" riding together up and down the avenues,

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recalling the days when they faced one another there, yet seeming all chummy as if all had been on the same side.

The most careful plans had been made by the government for the comfort and convenience of the veterans in their reunion. They were well fed and well housed. The first Mississippi National Guard—1250 young men in khaki—were detailed there for duty, and they seemed to take real pleasure in being helpful in every way. They did more than merely their duty. And then there were two hundred Boy Scouts on the ground seeking every possible opportunity to be useful and helpful. There was the best of music much of the time, both band and orchestra, and in the evening great camp-fires with the best of speakers—"something doing" all the time, from Monday until Friday. Except that it rained and turned cold Thursday night, the weather was perfect. There were emergency stations and hospitals for the care of the sick. It is remarkable that out of the 8,000 or 10,000 old veterans present from both North and South there were no deaths.

Comrades Meet after Many Years

In a social way the reunion was a great occasion. There were hundreds of cases where comrades during the war met for the first time since then. Many soldiers, after their discharge, sought homes in the great West, and they returned to this reunion once more to see one another. They did not all after the changes of fifty years, know one another, but they soon got acquainted again. Many of our company said they had not from the time of starting to return heard one unpleasant word, and did not hear of a case of drunkenness. Mississippi is a dry state.

Courteous Treatment

There were thousands of visitors in our camp. The Vicksburg schools were closed that week so that all the boys and girls could see the old soldiers together. Many of the Boy Scouts were high school boys.

The people of Vicksburg showed their guests every possible courtesy, and thus made us happy to meet them. We of the North have much to learn from our southern neighbors in pleasing manners and civility. They are a courteous people. No one would for any favor accept a "tip". I very much fear that if such a gathering were held in the North we would under-

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take in various ways to "make it pay". Vicksburg was a profusion of bunting in red, white, and blue, and though the streets were often crowded there was the best of order. I recall one amusing incident: A band in front of the courthouse was playing "Dixie" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag". The music was lively, and moved a Confederate and a Union soldier to shake hands, when a spry old Southern lady joined them and the three danced together to the music. Among those most interested in the big gathering were the colored folks. They know through whose influence they obtained their freedom, and are glad to show their gratitude for it.

I saw nothing to stir up unpleasant feeling. Every word or act of the kind was avoided. The boys in our Wisconsin tent gathered in the center now and then to sing patriotic songs. One of our comrades so far forgot himself as to suggest as the next song "Marching Through Georgia", but order was rapped with the remark, "No! no! none of that here."

The Old Feud Forgotten

I must speak, in closing, of a most interesting dedication ceremony on Wednesday. It was that of a beautiful Missouri monument to both the Blue and the Gray. Missouri, being a border state, had soldiers in both armies, and so the people of the state have seen fit to memorialize the courage and heroism of their soldiers on both sides. While at Vicksburg I became pleasantly acquainted with C. E. Lucky, a leading lawyer of Knoxville, Tennessee. He was so much pleased with the Missouri monument plan that he tells me in a recent letter:

"I am determined to inaugurate a movement here to put up a statue at Vicksburg somewhat similar to that of Missouri, and have it dedicated to the many regiments of Tennessee in both armies."

I am glad indeed to have attended this great reunion of the Blue and the Gray. I am glad to have seen the old soldiers of the Vicksburg campaign — both Union and Confederate — so drawn together; to have seen them wandering about, often arm in arm, over their old battle ground, so reunited in sentiment. Their grandsons are in the present war fighting shoulder to shoulder under the same old flag.

God bless them all—both the Blue and the Gray!

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The Meaning of the Flag

Friends and Fellow Citizens:—I know of nothing more difficult than to render an adequate tribute to the emblem of our nation. For those of us who have shared that nation's life and felt the beat of its pulse, it must be considered a matter of impossibility to express the great things which that emblem embodies. I venture to say that a great many things are said about the flag which very few people stop to analyze. For me the flag does not express a mere body of vague sentiment. The flag of the United States has not been created by rhetorical sentences in declarations of independence and in bills of rights. It has been created by the experience of a great people, and nothing is written upon it that has not been written by their life. It is the embodiment, not of a sentiment, but of history, and no man can rightly serve under that flag who has not caught some of the meaning of that history.

Experience, ladies and gentlemen, is made by men and women. National experience is the product of those who do the living under that flag. It is their living that has created its significance. You do not create the meaning of a national life by any literary exposition of it, but by the actual daily endeavors of a great people to do the tasks of the day and live up to the ideals of honesty and righteousness and just conduct. And as we think of these things, our tribute is to those men who have created this experience. Many of them are known by name to all the world — statesmen, soldiers, merchants, masters of industry, men of letters and of thought who have coined our hearts into action or into words. Of these men we feel that they have shown us the way. They have not been afraid to go before. They have known that they were speaking the thoughts of a great people when they led that great people along the paths of achievement. There was not a single swashbuckler among them. They were men of sober and quiet thought, the more effective because there was no bluster in it. They were men who thought along the lines of duty, not along the lines of self-aggrandizement. They were men, in short, who thought of the people whom they served and not of themselves.

But while we think of these men and do honor to them as to

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those who have shown us the way, let us not forget that the real experience and life of a nation lies with the great multitude of unknown men. It lies with those men whose names are never in the headlines of newspapers, those men who know the heat and pain and desperate loss of hope that sometimes comes in the great struggle of daily life; not the men who stand on the side and comment; not the men who merely try to interpret the great struggle, but the men who are engaged in the struggle. They constitute the body of the nation. This flag is the essence of their daily endeavors. This flag does not express any more than what they are, and what they desire to be.

As I think of the life of this great nation, it seems to me that we sometimes look to the wrong places for its sources. We look to the noisy places, where men are talking in the market-place; we look to where men are expressing their individual opinions; we look to where partisans are expressing passions, instead of trying to attune our ears to that voiceless mass of men who merely go about their daily tasks, try to be honorable, try to serve the people they love, try to live worthy of the great communities to which they belong. These are the breath of the nation's nostrils; these are the sinews of its might. . . .

I am solemnized in the presence of such a day. I would not undertake to speak your thoughts. You must interpret them for me. But I do feel that back, not only of every public official, but of every man and woman of the United States, there marches that great host which has brought us to the present day; the host that has never forgotten the vision which it saw at the birth of the nation; the host which always responds to the dictates of humanity and liberty; the host that will always constitute the strength and the great body of friends of every man who does his duty to the United States.....

—WOODROW WILSON.

He's gone,
I do not understand.
I only know
That as he turned to go
And waved his hand
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone:
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,
And he was gone.

—W. W. GIBSON.

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Where Lincoln Stood

If Lincoln stood where Wilson stands
And stretching out his gnarled hands
He asked us to uphold the State,
Is there a man among us all
Who would not hasten to the call
And pledge his faith and fate?

Well, Wilson stands where Lincoln stood,
His aim is just, his cause is good,
And who may stand if he shall fall?
Grant him our full-powered strength to win;
Stand fast! stand fast! through thick and thin,
For him; for us! for ALL!

—EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

Belgium

By SIDNEY LOW

She is not dead! Altho the spoiler's hand
Lies heavy as death upon her; tho the smart
Of his accursed steel is at her heart,
And scarred upon her breast his shameful brand;
Tho yet the torches of the Vandal band
Smoke on her ruined fields, her trampled lanes,
Her ravaged homes and desolated fanes,
She is not dead but sleeping, that wronged land.

O little nation, valorous and free,
Thou shalt o'erlive the terror and the pain;
Call back thy scattered children unto thee,
Strong with the memory of their brothers slain,
And rise from out thy charnel-house, to be
Thine own immortal, radiant Self again.

—*In "King Albert's Book."*

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Old Abe, the Wisconsin War Eagle

By H. W. Rood, Patriotic Instructor, G. A. R.

In the Memorial Day Annual of 1904 there was printed the Story of Old Abe, the famous eagle carried through the Civil War by the Eighth Wisconsin infantry. There was then a wide interest in this story. As this interest seems to increase as the years pass, and there are no more copies of the Annual of that year to send out in response for the history of our Wisconsin soldier bird, it seems best to reprint the article, somewhat revised, as it appeared in the Memorial Day Annual of fourteen years ago.

Mrs. McCann and Her Story

In the early spring of 1861 some Indians went up the Flambeau river to the heavy timber in Price county, Wisconsin, to make maple sugar. While there they found an eagle's nest in a tall pine tree. There is some difference of opinion as to just where that tall pine tree stood. If Chief Sky, the young Indian who got a baby eagle out of the nest, were here I presume he could tell me all about it, but he is now, I doubt not, in the happy hunting grounds where all good Indians go. I do not suppose it makes very much difference, anyhow. One thing, however, is certain: On their way down the river Chief Sky and some of the other Indians stopped one day in April at the pioneer home of Daniel McCann at Jim Falls, ten miles up the Chippewa River from Chippewa Falls, and wanted to sell the little eagle to Mrs. McCann. One day in June 1903, I had the pleasure of visiting Mrs. McCann at her home in Chippewa Falls. Though she was then eighty-three years old, her memory was still good, and she told me this story about the bird that, all unguessed by her, was to become so famous:

"Yes", said she, "I think it was along in April when Chief Sky and some of his friends stopped at our house at Jim Falls and wanted to sell me a young bird they called an eagle. He was not old enough then to fly. I told them I believed it was a young crow, but they insisted that it was an eagle. I said I had no use for him, anyhow; yet they were quite anxious to make a trade. At last I told them that I would give them a bag

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of corn standing by the door—there was about a bushel of it. I guess this satisfied them; so they took the corn and left the bird. As he could not yet fly it was not much trouble to keep him. It was not long, though, before he got so that he could use his wings a little, and then he'd bother us about getting away. Sometimes he'd get clear down below the Falls, as much as half a mile from the house, and the children would have to keep running after him to keep him from getting away from us for good. He got to be ugly, too, and we had to tie him up.

"After a while he came to be so much of a plague that we made up our minds to get rid of him in some way. My husband took him down to Chippewa Falls and tried to sell him to some soldiers that were going to the war; but they didn't want him. After that he took him down to Eau Claire and sold him to the soldiers there. I never saw him again. I have heard that they carried him into battle, and that folks have made a great fuss over him since then."

This is Mrs. McCann's story. I am glad to have heard her tell it. She was born in Manitoba on New Years day 1820. After her marriage she came to Chippewa county to live. She died at Chippewa Falls November 9, 1903.

The Young Bird gets into the Army

At Eau Claire Captain John E. Perkins was raising a company of soldiers for the war. They called this company the Eau Claire Badgers. When Mr. McCann brought the young eagle there Captain Perkins' boys were greatly interested in the bird. Some of them thought it would be a fine thing to enlist him in the company and carry him with them to war. And so, upon the payment of two dollars and a half, he was bought and made a member of the company. In his honor the name "Eau Claire Badgers" was changed to "Eau Claire Eagles".

On the 6th of September Captain Perkins and his company started for Camp Randall, at Madison. They went upon a little steamboat down the Chippewa and Mississippi rivers to La Crosse and from there by rail to Madison. It is said that at La Crosse a gentleman offered two hundred dollars for the eagle, but Captain Perkins told him that the men would not sell their pet. They had come to think a great deal of him, and he was rising in value. First, bought for a bushel of corn, then for

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two dollars and a half, and now worth more than two hundred dollars! What do you suppose good Mrs. McCann thought when she heard of that?

When this Eau Claire company marched from the station in Madison through the streets out to Camp Randall it attracted a great deal of attraction, all on account of the Eagle. I have heard it said that when the company marched through the gate into camp he, seeming to feel the importance of the occasion, did something that stirred the heart of every man with patriotic pride—with his beak he seized one corner of the flag floating just over him, spread wide his wings and kept them flapping, flapping, while the company marched across the camp to headquarters.

Named "Old Abe"

By common consent the eagle, after arriving at camp, came to be called "Old Abe," in honor of our good president, Abraham Lincoln. Thousands of people, some of them distinguished men and women, came to camp in those days to see the soldiers, and there they found nothing more attractive and interesting than Old Abe. The Eau Claire Eagles became Company C of the Eighth Wisconsin regiment, which soon came to be known as the Eagle regiment.

A handsome perch was made for Old Abe to stand upon. It was in the form of a shield fastened like a slanting platform on the top of a five-foot staff. Six inches above the shield there was a cross-piece for the perch. On this shield the stars and stripes were painted, also "8th Regt. W. V." A man was detailed to take special care of the bird, and to carry him on the march. He wore a belt, to which a socket was attached. Into this socket he set the staff and held it erect with his right hand. In this way Old Abe was lifted into plain sight above the heads of the men. His place in the line of march was in the center of the regiment and by the side of the colors. He and his perch made quite a heavy load for the man who carried him.

The Regiment Goes South

On the 12th of October, 1861, the Eagle Regiment left Camp Randall for service in the South. At every stopping place Old Abe was a great curiosity. When the regiment marched

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through the streets of Chicago, from one railway station to another, the one Eagle attracted more attention than the thousand Badgers. All the newspapers printed something about the Wisconsin Eagle that was going to the war.

When the Eighth arrived at St. Louis, some of the southern folks there tried to make fun of Old Abe, by calling him a *crow*, a *goose*, and a *turkey buzzard*. He seemed to like neither the names nor the people. He stooped, spread his wings, made a spring and broke his cord, flew over the heads of his tormentors, flapped off several caps and bonnets with his wings, and then flew to the top of a chimney of an aristocratic mansion, where he alighted and looked down with seeming contempt upon the crowd below him; as much as to say, "You see I am neither crow, goose, nor buzzard, but the American liberty bird himself!" His sudden dash for freedom created no small stir among the soldiers, especially Company C. They began to fear that he liked liberty too well to stay with them. After a half hour of sight-seeing he came down to the ground and was easily caught by one of the men.

A gentleman in St. Louis offered five hundred dollars for Old Abe, but Captain Perkins gave his usual answer, "No money can buy him." Some time after this, so it is said, a man offered a valuable farm for him, but all to no purpose. He was, you see, all the time rising in value. If Mrs. McCann up in her little home in Jim Falls could only have known what a prize she had got from Chief Sky for that bushel of corn!

Life in the Camp

From St. Louis the Eagle Regiment marched away to do almost four years of hard service for the Union. It was in thirty-eight battles and skirmishes, and Old Abe was in nearly every one of them. Wherever the men went he went. He was their daily companion in the camp, on the march, and in the thick of the fight. He came to know personally not only every man in his own company but nearly every one in the regiment. He came to know his own regiment and its flag from all others, and to be strongly attached to the men he was with every day; and they were not only proud of him but loved him. When they were not on duty they spent much time teaching him all kinds of tricks, until he became a pretty well educated bird.

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I am told that for some men he had a particular liking, while he would have little to do with certain others. I guess that most animals have a pretty sure way of their own for the study of human nature. Now and then a man, having a rather poor notion of what good fun is, would torment Abe until he was angry. The bird would not forget such treatment, and sometimes when he could get at a fellow with so mean a spirit he would pay him off with interest. His hooked beak and sharp claws more than once taught such a fellow to respect him. Nearly every man in the regiment would divide his rations with Abe. There were times when both he and his comrades had to go hungry. Whenever they went foraging for provisions, they took great pains to find a bit of fresh meat of some kind for him, as he could not very well make a meal on hardtack, bacon, and coffee.

Another Pet in the Regiment

There was another pet in the regiment, a dog, Frank by name, that had joined the Eighth at Madison. Old Abe took a liking to Frank—and for a very good reason. Frank was a good hunter. He spent a part of his spare time scurrying through any bit of woods there might be near camp, and now and then he brought in a squirrel or a rabbit. This game generally went to Abe. Whenever he heard Frank barking in the woods he showed a lively interest in every sound coming from that direction, and was delighted when the hunt had been successful.

Old Abe's Keepers

During the war Old Abe had six keepers. However he might regard other men he was always on good terms with the men who cared for him. Men who served in the regiment tell me that he had a particular liking for Edward Homiston, his bearer from October 1862 to September 1863. Ed had been reared in the mountains of Vermont, and had, as a boy, studied eagles as he saw them wild and free. Ed and Abe were like brothers and understood each other well. John M. Williams, a soldier of Company H of the Eighth, wrote an interesting history of his regiment. On page 52 he says:

"Mr. Homiston translates the eagle's idiom into English. He found Old Abe to vary his tones according to his emotions.

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When surprised he whistled a wild melody toned to a melancholy softness; when hovering over his food he gave a spiteful chuckle; when pleased to see an old friend he said, with a plaintive cooing, 'How do you do?' In battle his scream was wild and commanding—five or six notes in succession—with a most startling thrill that was perfectly inspiring to the soldiers."

Old Abe and his Cord

Old Abe's daily degree of freedom in camp was as much as he could get out of thirty feet of cord. One end of this cord was tied to a leather ring around his leg, the other fastened to his perch. While on the march or in battle he was allowed only about three feet of this cord. He sometimes longed for a larger liberty and, having a spite against the cord that held him, would keep biting at it with his strong, hooked beak till it was nearly cut in two. Then with a sudden spring he would break loose. Mr. Williams, of whom I have spoken, told me that once he broke away just as the regiment was starting on a march. He flew up into the air, around and around. Everybody was exited. Many of the men left the ranks, running here and there where they thought he would alight so as to catch him. Some of them went into the woods a mile or two away thinking he might come down among the trees. Ed Homiston, his keeper, persuaded the rest of the men to keep cool and let him manage the capture. He had the regimental flag placed so that Old Abe could see it, and then got down by it with his perch. Having enjoyed an hour of good exercise, the runaway—flyaway, perhaps I would better say—quietly dropped down beside the flag. After a bit of gentle coaxing he hopped up to his perch and was ready for the march to Memphis.

A Mean Trick

Mr. Williams tells me that during the summer of 1862 the eagle needed no rope to keep him from flying away, as some one had secretly clipped his tail feathers and those of one wing. The men were highly indignant because of this mean trick. Could they have found out who did it they would have made life a burden for him until Old Abe's feathers grew to full length again. The glory of the eagle is to fly higher and more

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boldly into the free air of heaven than any other bird. This, I suspect, is why he is called the "liberty bird". I do not wonder that every true soldier in the Eighth Regiment was indignant because the bird of which they were so proud had thus been robbed of his glory. Spirit, energy, love of freedom, are all of too great value to destroy in either boy or bird of freedom just so that he may be less troublesome without them.

A Bit of Fiction

In some of the published stories about Old Abe he is said to have had his freedom in certain battles, especially at Corinth, and that he would fly above the clouds of smoke, screaming as if to urge the men below him to greater deeds of daring. This sounds well, and is the very part of the story schoolboys like best and are apt to remember longest. Captain Dawes, who commanded a company of the Eighth, once wrote a story of Old Abe in which he said that at the battle of Corinth a bullet cut the cord that held him; that he flew high over the battle, and the men feared that he would not come back; yet that before long he came swooping down to his perch again. Captain Dawes said that he himself saw all this. Yet I have heard other members of the regiment say that he never flew any higher in battle than the length of his cord would let him, and that then he was quickly drawn to his place. In some ways this is like a few other battle stories I have heard. The man in the thick of the fight, with his face to the front, can give but little attention to what others are doing. He has all he can attend to just where he is himself. This is why men who are really truthful differ so much in their stories of the same battle.

In the Thick of the Fight

Old Abe was, however, carried right into the thick of many heavy battles. He seemed to understand as well as the men the danger he was in. He often trembled—looking anxiously this way and that as the battle raged back and forth. But when the combat became fierce he, like the men who were fighting, seemed to forget the danger. As the bullets flew thick and fast and shells burst all about him he would scream terrifically. He would stand without flinching by a cannon as it was being fired; and he seemed to delight in the rattle of musketry. Newspaper

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men wrote many things in those days about Old Abe's conduct in battle. It was something everybody, especially Wisconsin folks, delighted to read. Colonel Jefferson, commander of the Eighth in the battle of Corinth, said, "In battle he was almost constantly flapping his wings — his mouth wide open — and many a time screamed with wild enthusiasm."

Though the Confederates showed much contempt for Old Abe by calling him Yankee Buzzard and other such names, they were particularly anxious to capture him. They would rather get him than the whole regiment without him. Their officers gave them orders to kill the buzzard or catch him. They knew well enough that the Eighth would fight harder with the eagle and for him than without him. The Confederate General Price told his men that he would rather capture the eagle than a whole brigade of men or a dozen battle flags. But the men of the gallant Eighth were determined that the enemy should not get their pet bird. Though they would have fought to the death for their colors, I think they would have fought yet more valiantly for their eagle. He meant just as much to them as their flag—perhaps more.

Old Abe Salutes Our Flag

Though I have read and heard many interesting stories about Old Abe in camp and battle I can hardly use space for more of them here. I sam him myself but once during the war. One day in December, 1862, my regiment, the Twelfth Wisconsin, was marching toward the firing line in a skirmish near Waterford, Mississippi. The Eighth was drawn up by the side of the road. Our boys said, "This is the Eighth Wisconsin, and now we shall have a chance to see the eagle." As we drew near their colors—sure enough there was Old Abe on his perch! When our own flag came in front of him he arose to his full height, spread his broad wings, flapped them three or four times, then quietly folded them and watched us march by. It was as beautiful and graceful a salute to Old Glory as any school girl in Wisconsin can give. It is a real pleasure to me now to have seen Old Abe salute Old Glory that day down in Mississippi fifty-six years ago. Both the eagle and that flag came to be cherished relics in the Capitol.

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Veteran Furlough

In the early part of January 1864, many of the men of the gallant Eighth re-enlisted for another three years of service. Old Abe re-enlisted too. The government gave everyone who thus pledged continued service a furlough of thirty days that he might come home and visit his friends. You may think Old Abe had no home friends to visit, yet all the same the men brought him with them to Eau Claire. Everybody was his friend there and everywhere along the route he traveled. He had come to be a veteran, and people everywhere gave him as much attention as if he had been a general.

The Color Guard in Special Danger

While these veterans were at home on furlough, the regiment at the front was in two battles, and Old Abe missed them. In battle the color bearers of a regiment are in greater danger than other men in the line. The enemy is apt to direct his fire upon the flags in front of him, and so the men carrying them are more likely to be hit than their comrades. The sharpest fighting takes place around the battle flags, for he who captures a flag gets great credit for it. And most color-bearers will die before giving up their banners. Old Abe was carried in battle alongside his regimental flag. He knew nothing else so well as the stars and stripes. They waved above him on the march and in the smoke of the battle. Though the Confederates would have dared almost anything to capture the flags they would have dared yet more to get him. Though they sent shot and shell at the colors until they were torn and battle-scarred, and their sharpshooters took special aim at those who bore them, they tried harder yet to hit Old Abe and to kill the brave fellows who bore him alongside Old Glory. Yet for all this but one of the six men who carried him at different times during the war was even wounded. One of them died of disease. Two or three times bullets cut Old Abe's feathers. One of them drew a bit of blood from his right wing, and this little wound annoyed him so that, in his own language, he fretted and scolded about it. It seems to me that the God of freedom must have watched with peculiar care over this liberty bird and his gallant bearers.

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Old Abe Comes Home—Given to the State

Well, in three years the term of service of the men of the Eighth who had not re-enlisted came to an end, and they were discharged and sent home; and it was thought best to send Old Abe with them. Then there arose this question: "What shall be his home in Wisconsin?" Some of the men were in favor of giving him to Eau Claire county. Others said that he had come to belong to all of Wisconsin, and that he should be presented by the regiment to the state. And there were yet others who said that, as his reputation had come to be nation-wide, he should be sent to Washington. A vote was taken and it was unanimously decided that Old Abe should be given into the care of the state. And so it was th t at three o'clock on the 26th day of September, 1864, Captain Victor Wolf of Company C of the Eighth—Captain Perkins had died of wounds—formally presented to the state of Wisconsin the famous war eagle, Old Abe. Captain Wolf said, in addressing the Governor at the Capitol, that Abe had been a good soldier—had never flinched in battle nor shirked from duty in the camp; that Company C had been proud of him, had taken good care of him, and he hoped the state would do as well by him. Governor Lewis, in behalf of the state, received Old Abe and assured Captain Wolf that all Wisconsin would ever be proud of its soldier bird and glad to give him the best of care.

A large room in the basement of the Capitol was fitted up for Old Abe's use and a man was appointed to be his keeper and to care for him. Everything was done for his comfort. A pole was fastened to two posts in the park and upon pleasant days he was kept there in the open air. There he was visited by thousands of people from all parts of the country. Everybody seemed to know about him. Stories and verses were written about him. Some of these were put into the school readers of those days, and so the boys and girls everywhere came to know the story of Old Abe, the Wisconsin soldier-bird.

Old Abe Taken to Patriotic Gatherings

During the years following the war, Old Abe was carried to many great patriotic gatherings in the United States. No other attraction could draw so big a crowd as he. Men, women, and

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children would gather about him, gaze upon him, and ask all sorts of questions about him; and I think the most of them came to love him. If he was a famous bird in war time, he came to be a great deal more so in time of peace. He attended celebrations, conventions, fairs, monument dedications, and reunions in Chicago, Milwaukee, Peoria, Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities. He was at the Centennial at Philadelphia, and at a great fair in Boston nearly three months. I am told that in some cases five dollars were paid for single feathers that had dropped from his plumage. One of his keepers said that many a time he could have got ten dollars for every feather he would pluck from his wings. But Old Abe's feathers were his very own and not for sale at even more than that. Once a wealthy man offered $10,000 for the whole bird, feathers and all; and P. T. Barnum, the great showman, went so far as to try to buy him for $20,000. But Old Abe had got away above the value of gold. Again I must say that I wonder what Mrs. McCann up at her little cabin could have thought when she heard how the little eagle had risen in value—a bushel corn, two and a half dollars, two hundred dollars, five hundred dollars, a valuable farm, $10,000, $20,000!

Remembered His Friends

Several persons have told me stories about Old Abe at the Capitol. I will write down two of them. The first was told by an old lady who had lived long in Madison, the wife of a soldier of the Twenty-third Wisconsin Infantry.

"One day about five years after the war I was standing on the street corner over there by the jewelry store when I heard a man say to three or four companiens with him, 'Say, boys, let's go over to the Capitol and see Old Abe. I was in the army with him, and I haven't seen him since the war. Come on, boys!'

"Now, I just thought I would like to see this man meet his old comrade, the eagle, so I walked quickly around another way to where he sat on his perch near the building. As the men came along they got sight of him before he saw them. The soldier gave a peculiar whistle, at which Old Abe, quick as a flash, straightened himself up and ilstened intently. The man gave the whistle again, and Old Abe became excited. He looked all about to find out where that whistle came from. His eye was bright, his head erect, and he seemed all expectation. Just then the men walked

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up before him. He recognized at once the man who had been with him beyond a certain point there was sure to be trouble. The old soldier too was delighted—glad to find that his feathered comrade had not forgotten him. When he went up close Old Abe put his head in a loving way beside his face and seemed as pleased as a young kitten to be fondled and petted. This token of affection touched the old soldier's heart. He put his arm around Old Abe, and the tears started from his eyes. 'Boys,' said he, 'I would not have missed this for a hundred dollars'."

John and Mary and Old Abe

The other story was told by an old veteran of the Eighth:

"Old Abe", said he, "was a bird of no little dignity of character. He did not like to be trifled with. If a person fooled with him in the army and showed his delight in various ways. One day while he was yet alive at the Capitol, I came to Madison and, as usual, went over to call on him. He was standing on a pole just outside, in the park. John and Mary, a young couple from the country, had come in that day with an excursion. They had got a bag of peanuts and a bit of gum and were having a big time. They came along the walk to Old Abe and stopped to look at him. He did not at first pay much attention to them, for he had seen hundreds of young couples very much like them. By and by Mary began to strike at his beak with an end of her scarf. Abe stepped quietly along on his pole to get out of her reach. I could see by his eye, however, that he felt annoyed because of the liberties she was taking. The pert young miss followed him, still flirting her scarf in his eyes. Abe kept backing up, yet began uttering sharp, spiteful little notes of warning. This pleased Miss Mary, so she giggled and flirted some more.

"I could see that trouble was brewing, and said to her, 'Please pardon me, Miss, but I do not think you'd better trifle any more with Abe; he may make trouble for you. I was with him in the army three years and know somthing of his temper. I think you have gone about far enough." To this John replied, 'Never mind us, Uncle, we are able to take care of ourselves. We wasn't born last week.' And then Mary gave another flirt with the end of her scarf. Quicker than a wink Old Abe had his sharp claws deep in her arm just above her wrist. Then Mary showed the folks how she could scream. She easily outscreamed

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Old Abe in battle. The angry bird was just about to seize her with his sharp hooked beak whn I caught him by his neck. He was in a terrible passion. He and Mary and I had a time of it. After some scolding, much coaxing, and a bit of choking I got his claws out of her arm. It was a fearful wound, and I felt sorry for the smart young miss as she and John went hunting for a doctor. I'll bet she'll remember Old Abe as long as she lives."

The Death of Old Abe

And now I must tell of the death of this famous old bird. One day in February, in the cold winter of 1881, some paints and oils kept in a room near his in the Capitol got afire—no one knows how, yet I suspect by spontaneous combustion. Though these are big words I do not know how I can tell it in short ones. Dense clouds of smoke and bad-smelling gases filled the corridors and the cage room. Abe, in a suffocating condition, gave forth a scream that was, I guess, louder than Mary's. The people overhead heard the cry and ran below to see what could be the matter. They went into the thick smoke and, when they had opened the door of his cage, Old Abe flew out and along the corridor. He was not only frightened by the smoke but his lungs were filled with the gas. He was not well after that; all the *eagle* had gone out of him. He lived about a month, and on the 26th of March, 1881, with a few of his old friends about him, he died in the arms of George Gillies, his keeper. Those who saw him feebly flap his once strong wings, and then breathe his last, felt very sad indeed. Some of those old soldiers shed many tears of grief, for a brave spirit had taken its departure.

General George E. Bryant, at that time Quartermaster General of the state, was one of those present at Old Abe's death. He has told me that after they knew he was dead a number of old soldiers gathered in the office of Governor Smith and discussed the questions as to what should be done with the body. Some thought there should be a kind of military funeral, and that his burial place should be in the beautiful Forest Hill cemetery near Madison, the quiet resting place of many good Wisconsin soldiers. Major C. G. Mayers, who had been an officer of the Eleventh Wisconsin, said that he could mount the bird, so that he could be kept for many years in honored remembrance of his service. Major Mayers' plan pleased the most of the men, and so Gover-

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nor Smith gave the body over to him. He soon had the skin so mounted that it very much resembled Old Abe when he was alive. General Bryant had a fine glass case made in which he was on exhibition a third of a century. The perch on which he was mounted was like that on which he was carried in the army, and so every one who saw him during those years got a pretty good idea of his appearance in war times.

Still Visited by Thousands

During that third of a century his glass house stood in various places — in the rotunda of the Capitol, in the state historical rooms of the Capitol, and in the present historical building near the university. In April, 1903, he was placed in the new Grand Army Memorial Hall in the Capitol. Though dead, he was carried in many patriotic processions. Wherever his mounted figure was kept or carried he attracted as much attention as he had done when alive. In fact, interest in him seemed all the time to be increasing. Every year thousands of people came to the Grand Army rooms to stand by his glass house, look upon him, and ask many question about him. I suspect that some of them thought beyond what they could see with their eyes and hear with their ears. One day a man, after looking a long time at Old Abe, said to me, "If ever I were led to fight against my country, the sight of that bird would make me throw down my weapons and give up the battle; for the eagle is the emblem of my country's freedom, and I could not fight against him and all he stands for!" I heard more than one say something like this. The old survivors of the Eagle Regiment say they fought the harder for the Flag when Old Abe was in sight.

The Boy from Arizona

It mattered little where Old Abe's visitors came from, they were all apt to know something about his story. One day a small boy stood before him with big-eyed observation. I asked him if he had ever heard of Old Abe. "Oh yes", said he, "I have heard over so much about him." Then I asked him how he had come to hear so much. "Well", he replied, "I have read in books about him and have heard folks talk about him many times." When I asked him where he lived he said that his home was in Phoenix, Arizona. The little fellow studied Old Abe with care-

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ful interest. I'll warrant that when he got back to school in far-off Arizona he told his mates and teacher just how the historic old bird looked, having seen him with his own eyes.

The Man from Oyster Bay

One spring day in 1903 a tall, manly looking man came into Memorial Hall. Though so manly in appearance, he seemed to have about him all the freshness of a big, wholesome boy. As he fixed his glasses upon the bridge of his nose and looked about, he quickly asked, "Say, is that Old Abe, the Wisconsin war eagle?" Upon being told that it was the very bird, he exclaimed with boyish delight, "By George! I'm glad to see him! I learned about him from my reader when I was a boy in school!" As he said this he bounded like an athlete over to Old Abe's glass house and took very much such a look at him as the boy from Arizona had done. When asked to put his name on our register he wrote down, "Theodore Roosevelt, Oyster Bay, New York." The little boy from Arizona and the big President of the United States had both read in their school books about Old Abe, and both came with the same lively interest to see him. And so with thousand of others.

The Capitol Fire

At three o'clock on the morning of February 4, 1904, the Madison fire bells rang out that the Capitol was on fire. A gas burner too close to the overhead pine ceiling started the blaze in a room just across the corridor from Memorial Hall. The smoke was soon so dense that no one could even get to the door so as to save Old Abe from burning with everything else in the room. Everything there was a total loss, the most serious of which was Old Abe. While the great building was on fire the most frequent question among the thousands of people standing around was, "Has Old Abe been saved?" This expression was heard in some form many times: "I'd rather have had Old Abe saved than anything else in the building. Money can replace almost everything else, but it can not bring him back to us." Some of the boys and girls cried as they talked about him.

Now Only a Tradition

And so Old Abe, the Wisconsin war eagle, became only a tradition—a truly patriotic tradition, however, that will live as long as the story of Wisconsin in the Civil War survives. There

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are new in the beautiful new Memorial Hall in the Capitol at Madison two fine paintings of the famous old bird. One was made by James A. Stewart from life, and it shows him in a very natural position, truly life-like. The other was made by Miss Leila Dow, of Madison, only two weeks before the Capitol fire. It was presented by Governor La Follette. They hang side by side and are highly prized. Not far away are the old battle flags of the Eighth, alongside which he was carried into battle. A half a dozen feathers, also, are framed and hang near by.

On the Wisconsin Monument at Vickburg

In the Vicksburg National Military Park there stands a noble and beautiful shaft as a memorial of Wisconsin's part in the campaign and siege of Vicksburg in the summer of 1863. It may be seen miles away, and is one of the most graceful memorials in the Park. On the top of it, more than a hundred feet from the ground, stands a large bronze figure of Old Abe, seeming to look with an eagle eye over the grounds where the young bird more than half a hundred years ago was with his regiment in the charge and the siege. At the time of the great reunion of the Blue and the Gray at Vicksburg in October, 1917, I visited All Saints College in the old siege lines and was asked to talk to a class of young ladies there. They requested me in particular to tell them the story of Old Abe, the Wisconsin war eagle. They seemed greatly interested as I told it to them about as I have just written it here.

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Take the Loan

(Written by EDWARD EVERETT HALE
in May, 1861, at the outbreak of
the Civil War)

Come, freemen of the land,
Come meet the great demand,
True heart and open hand,
Take the loan!
For the hopes the prophets saw,
For the swords your brothers draw,
For liberty and law
Take the loan!

Ye ladies of the land,
As ye love the gallant band,
Who have drawn a soldier's brand,
Take the loan!
Who would bring them what she could,
Who would give the soldier food,
Who would staunch her brothers' blood,
Take the loan!

All who saw her hosts pass by,
All who joined the parting cry,
When we bade them do or die,
Take the loan!
As ye wished their triumph then,
As ye hope to meet again,
And to meet their gaze as men,
Take the loan!

Who would press the great appeal
Of our ranks of serried steel,
Put your shoulders to the wheel,
Take the loan!
That our prayers in truth may rise,
Which we press with streaming eyes
On the Lord of earth and skies,
Take the loan!

—Selected from Rhode Island
Grand Army Flag Day.

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Why We Are at War

Why are we fighting Germany? The brief answer is that ours is a war of self-def nse. We did not wish to fight Germany. She made the attack upon us; not on our shores, but on our ships, our lives, our rights, our future. For two years and more we held to a neutrality that made us apologists for things which outraged men's common sense of fair play and humanity. At each new offense—the invasion of Belgium, the killing of civilian Belgians, the attacks on Scarborough and other defenseless towns, the laying of mines in neutral waters, the fencing off of the seas—and on and on through the months we said: "This is war—archaic, uncivilized war, but war! All rules have been thrown away, all nobility; man has come down to the primitive brute. And while we cannot justify we will not intervene. It is not our war."

Then why are we in? Because we could not keep out. The invasion of Belgium, which opened the war, led to the invasion of the United States by slow, steady, logical steps. Our sympathies evolved into a conviction of self-interest. Our love of fair play ripened into alarm at our own peril.

We talked in the language and in the spirit of good faith and sincerity, as honest men should talk, until we discovered that our talk was construed as cowardice. And Mexico was called upon to invade us. We talked as men would talk who cared alone for peace and the advancement of their own material interests, until we discovered that we were thought to be a nation of mere money makers, devoid of all character—until, indeed, we were told that we could not walk the highways of the world without permission of a Prussian soldier; that our ships might not sail without wearing a striped uniform of humiliation upon a narrow path of national subservience. We talked as men talked who hoped for honest agreement, not for war, until we found that the treaty torn to pieces at Liege was but the symbol of a policy that made agreements worthless against a purpose that knew no word but success.

And so we came into this war for oursel es. It is a war to save America—to preserve self-respect, to justify our right to live as we have lived, not as some one else wishes us to live. In

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the name of freedom we challenge with ships and men, money, and an undaunted spirit, that word "Verboten" which Germany has written upon the sea and upon the land. For America is not the name for so much territory. It is the living spirit, born in travail, grown in the rough school of bitter experiences, a living spirit which has purpose and pride, and conscience—knows why it wishes to live and to what end, knows how it comes to be respected of the world, and hopes to retain that respect by living on with the light of Lincoln's love of man as its Old and New Testament. It is more precious that this America should live than that we Americans should live. And this America, as we now see, has been challenged from the first of this war by the strong arm of a power that has no sympathy with our purpose and will not hesitate to destroy us if the law that we respect, the rights that are to us sacred, or the spirit that we have, stand across her set will to make this world bow before her policies, backed by her organized and scientific military system. The world of Christ—a neglected but not a rejected Christ—has come again face to face with the world of Mahomet, who willed to win by force.....

America speaks for the world in fighting Germany. Mark on the map those countries which are Germany's allies and you will mark but four, running from the Baltic through Austria and Bulgaria to Turkey. All the other nations the whole globe around are in arms against her or are unable to move. There is deep meaning in this. We fight with the world for an honest world in which nations keep their word, for a world in which nations do not live by swagger or by threat, for a world in which men think of the ways in which they can conquer the common cruelties of nature instead of inventing more horrible cruelties to inflict upon the spirit and body of man, for a world in which the ambition or the philosophy of a few shall not make miserable all mankind, for a world in which the man is held more precious than the machine, the system, or the state.....

—FRANKLIN K. LANE, *Secretary of the Interior.*

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I Have a Son

I have a son who goes to France
To-morrow.
I have clasped his hand—
Most men will understand—
And wished him, smiling, lucky chance
In France.

My son!
At last the house is still—
Just the dog and I in the garden—dark—
Stars and my pipe's red spark—
The house his young heart used to fill
Is still.

He said, one day: "I've got to go
To France—— Dad, you know how I feel!"
I knew. Like sun and steel
And morning. "Yes," I said; "I know
You'll go."

I'd waited just to hear him speak
Like that.
God, what if I had
Another sort of lad,
Something too soft, too meek and weak
To speak!

And yet—
He could not guess the blow
He'd struck.
Why, he's my only son!
And we had just begun
To be dear friends. But I dared not show
The blow.

But now—to-night—
No, no; it's right;
I never had a righter thing
To bear. And men must fling
Themselves away in the grieving sight
Of right.

A handsome boy—but I, who knew
His spirit—well, they cannot mar
The cleanness of a star
That'll shine to me, always and true,
Who knew.

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I've given him.
Yes; and had I more
I'd give them too—for there's a love
That asking asks above
The human measure of our store—
And more.

Yes; it hurts
Here in the dark, alone—
No one to see my wet old eyes—
I'll watch the morning rise—
And only God shall hear my groan
Alone.

I have a son who goes to France
To-morrow.
I have clasped his hand—
Most men will understand—
And wished him, smiling, lucky chance
In France.

—EMORY POTTLE, *in Saturday Evening Post.* By permission.

Processional

Not for a flaunted flag, O God,
Not for affronted power,
Not for a scurrilous hope of gain,
Not for the pride of an hour,
Not for vengeance, hot in the heart,
Now do we swing to war;
Not for a weak mistrust lest peace
Is a shame strong men abhor.
Not for glory—for oh, to kill
Should be a sacred wrath;
Not for these! But to war on war
And sweep it from earth's path!

Patient has been our creed, till now,
Patient, too, our hope,
Patient for long our lothful deed,
For the just in doubt must grope.
But with a foe at last arrayed
Against the whole world's right,
You, O soul of the universe,
Your very self must fight.
You yourself; so but one prayer
Need we to lift—but one,
That by our battle shall all war
Be utterly undone.

—CALE YOUNG RICE *of the Vigilantes.*

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The Boy and Girl Soldiers of 1918

A Message From the State Council of Defense

By R. B. PIXLEY

In all the years since that May day in 1868, when the beautiful cutsom of expressing our gratitude to the soldiers and sailors who fought to keep this great nation united was established, no opportunity for a double service has been offered to the boys and girls of America like that given them upon this Memorial Day, in 1918.

The boys and girls of America since the days of Valley Forge have had many examples of heroism to instill into their hearts an unselfish love for their country. Memorial Day has belonged to the memory of the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War, and in 1918 it will be observed again for those who fought the battles of Antietam and Island No. 10 and Corinth and Vicksburg. The children of America must never forget, even with the stories of heroism and gallant conduct which will come from the battlefields of France, the days when the boys in northern blue marched south to conquer their mistaken brothers in southern gray.

Upon this Memorial Day few are left who wear the bronze button of the Grand Army of the Republic. Their days of active service for their country are over. The survivors of 1865 are the younger men who entered the war, many of them the drummer boys of Shiloh and Sherman's March to the Sea. As we to-day place blossoms upon the graves of their comrades, or cast upon the waters in inland lakes and rivers a flowery tribute to the sailors who were also their comrades-in-arms, we must do them great honor, for we shall owe it to them as long as this nation shall live.

The boys and girls in America who pay these tributes to-day will in spirit be paying a tribute to the patriots across the seas, who have gone to fight the battles of liberty just as the heroes of 1865 fought when their call came, and upon this day they can pledge themselves to a greater service for the future of their country.

In this, as in no other war, the boys and girls of the United States will be factors in the winning of the final victory. They

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already have contributed to the success of American arms by saving their pennies. The thrift stamp will be a badge of honor to the boys and girls of 1918 when they have become men and women. Much greater, however, are their opportunities for service in adding production of the food which will go to our soldiers across the ocean.

The State Council of Defense has organized a Boys' Working Reserve in Wisconsin, which is part of a National organization where boys may serve their country. The boy who observes Memorial Day in the proper spirit will be a member of this organization.

President Wilson has said:

"To give to the young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one the privilege of spending their spare time in productive enterprise without interrupting their studies in school, while their older brothers are battling in the trenches and on the seas, must greatly increase the means of providing for the forces at the front and the maintenance of those whose services are needed here."

It is in this service, so deservedly praised by the President, that Wisconsin has enlisted 20,000 boys who now are wearing the insignia of the "Boys' Working Reserve, U. S. A." Just as the soldiers of Uncle Sam who fight in the trenches are numbered, the boys who are soldiers at home are numbered, and their names are part of the archives of the great Nation of which they are a part.

The girls of Wisconsin are not to forgotten. No little part of the great production drive will be done by them. Their work in the departments directed by women will be invaluable, and appreciated because of the spirit in which it is done.

The boys and girls of 1776 and of 1861 were patriotic. They were the citizens of later years in which this republic was brought to its glorious present. But the boys and girls of 1918 have far greater opportunities. They number millions. They have the advantages of education and training and equipment which were denied the youth of earlier years.

Few of their fathers and mothers, intensively loyal as they are, realize the importance in the world's history of this year, 1918. It is a marking place in the world's progress. In the school histories of to-day, 1776 is the year set apart as repre-

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senting the ideal of sacrifice and bravery and devotion to country.

Even now, more than half a century after Grant sent the soldiers of Lee home with their horses to again turn the fertile acres of the south, the significance of 1865 has not fully dawned upon us. As years pass we shall realize its importance as a milestone in our nation's history.

A century from now our own year, 1918, will have its place in history and in the public mind, and, although we cannot be here to tell its story, our year will be among the traditions of all that is good and brave.

Although the boys and girls of 1918 will have lived their lives, the children of their children's children will then be the citizens of America. To these great grand children will be given the blessings for which we are fighting to-day.

To the boy and girl of 1918 will fall the years of building anew the fortunes of this republic. We must emerge from this war as victors, but we will have spent our energies to the utmost and we will need strong hearts and willing hands for the task that will be before them.

The children of to-day, therefore, must begin now to lay the foundation for future success. It is through the production of food that they now have their greatest opportunity.

In after years, when they are men and women, they will treasure their part in winning the war.

Hats off, boys and girls of 1918, to the heroes of 1861! They deserve your every tribute. They fought that you might live in a free, united country. And while you march in solemn reverence to do your part on this Memorial Day, resolve in your heart that you, too, will be a soldier; that you, too, will enlist for your country; that you, too, will give it sacrifice and devotion and lay upon the altar of its future your energies and your undivided service.

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Peace with the German People

An Editorial Dialog by BOOTH TARKINGTON of the *Vigilantes*, in the *Wisconsin State Journal*

Q. Are we at war with the German people?

A. We wish to be at peace with the German people, but we are at war with the German Empire. That is, we are at war with the government which controls the German nation. The German nation proclaims itself to be the German army. The German nation is composed of the German people. Our army is fighting the German army. Yes, we are at war with the German people.

Q. Why do we fight them?

A. Because they support and obey the German government which murdered American citizens, and proclaimed its intention to continue murdering American citizens unless we changed our laws in such a way as would assist the German Empire to conquer all opposition and become a power ruling the world. We fight the German people in order to have our Capitol in Washington and not in Berlin.

Q. Why do the German people oppose us in this natural right and desire?

A. Because they are obedient to the orders of their leaders. They have been carefully trained to obedience.

Q. Are they so obedient that they would fight if they believed their leaders to be in the wrong?

A. Not with the fervor shown by the German people in this war.

Q. Then the German people believe themselves to be fighting for a right and just cause?

A. Unquestionably.

Q. How can that be, since they are fighting us because we would not allow them to rob us of our rights?

A. They believed that our rights were injurious to Germany.

Q. Then they respect no rights except those which are beneficial to Germany?

A. They respect no rights except those which they consider beneficial to Germany.

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Q. Do the German people believe this to be a selfish state of mind?

A. No. They call it patriotism, and it inspires them individually to make heroic sacrifices.

Q. But collectively, do such ideals make a noble country?

A. No; the individual sacrifices himself in order that the conduct of his country may be lawless, ignoble, and malevolent.

Q. But does the individual German regard the conduct of his country as ignoble and malevolent?

A. No. He believes it to be divine.

Q. How can that be?

A. His leaders have given him interpretations of so-called "moral-law" which direct him to that belief. He accepts as supreme leader a person called a "War Lord" who proclaims himself to be actually the mouthpiece of a god. In addition, the German leaders have carefully taught the people to believe that right and wrong, internationally, are questions to be submitted to the one test: Whatever works to the material disadvantage of Germany is both spiritually and materially wrong; whatever works to the material advantage of Germany is both spiritually and materially right.

Q. Have the German people accepted this standard?

A. They have accepted it.

Q. But do they not see that such a standard, if allowed to prevail, means servitude to Germany on the part of the rest of the world?

A. Their leaders desire to bring about such a servitude and believe that their own merits warrant it. The people worship their leaders and call them "the State."

Q. But will not the German people some day reject such a standard of right and wrong?

A. Our soldiers are fighting them in order to hasten that day.

Q. What would prove to the German people that their standard is wrong?

A. Proving to them that the leaders who taught them are wrong.

Q. What would prove that?

A. The leaders have made the people believe that this war would benefit Germany. If it fails to benefit Germany, the people must conclude that this war was a mistake, and they will

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doubt their leaders and the standards those leaders have taught them. In other words, the people may begin to think for themselves and take the government out of the hands of their hereditary leaders. On the other hand, if the war ends with material benefit to Germany, the people will believe more strongly than ever in those leaders and be ready to follow their War Lord into more "good" wars.

Q. Do all the Germans accept the standard that evil to others is good if it means material good for Germany?

A. Evidently not, because tho the German leaders deliberately provoked and began this war in 1914, when all the world except themselves and Austria wanted peace, they pretended as well as they were able that Germany had been attacked. Of course this helped to make all the Germans fight harder; and evidently there were some Germans who would have objected to the war if they were not made to believe that Germany was attacked.

Q. Then could not these be reached and the truth shown to them?

A. Most of those who were not blind to the truth saw it from the beginning. Those among them who spoke out were imprisoned or escaped to Switzerland.

Q. Does not the suffering of the world, caused by this war, affect the German people?

A. No; they are affected by only their own suffering. They have been taught to believe that the world outside of Germany is corrupt and decaying, and that what happens to it does not really matter. They have been taught to believe that increase of German power is their god's plan and desire, and that the malignant jealousy and money-lust of the non-German world should be punished for seeking to prevent the consummation of that divine plan. The leaders allude to this plan (partly in order to incite the simpler folk under them) as "the existence of the Fatherland," or "the natural right of a nation to attain its just development."

Q. And the German people will keep their leaders in power until it is clear that the war is disadvantageous to Germany?

A. Yes.

Q. But if Germany were already losing the war, would not the leaders represent it to the people as winning?

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A. Yes, the leaders must do so or risk losing their power over the people.

Q. Will the leaders ever voluntarily surrender that power?

A. No.

Q. Do not the German leaders claim that they have now won peace with victory?

A. Yes, but they have neither.

Q. Then the war will go on either until Germany conquers the world or until the German leaders are unable to convince the German people that Germany is, or can be, victorious?

A. Yes. We could make a truce with Germany which we could call "peace", and it might last for several years of intense military preparation, training, and invention on both sides. Great improvement would be made in liquid fire, poison gases, torpedoes and airship bombing, and devices for terrorization by atrocity. Then the struggle would be resumed.

Q. When can we make a real peace?

A. We have this choice: We can make peace whenever we are ready to surrender our liberty to the German leaders whose orders to us, violating our sovereignty, we are now resisting—or we can make peace when we surely know that the German people will be glad to keep the peace we offer them.

Q. What sort of peace shall we offer them?

A. A peace which will insure to ourselves, and all other peoples, independence of German rule, and freedom from the fear of German conquest—a peace which will insure all nations, including the German nation, against the fear of invasion of rights and against the desire to make foreign conquests.

Q. When will Germany accept such a peace?

A. When defeat has taught the Germans that the desire for conquest is harmful to Germany.

Q. But if they offer to make a peace that restores everything at is was before the war, should we not accept it?

A. "Everything as it was before the war" (or "status quo" by the German definition) was precisely the condition which produced war under the same German leaders.

Q. Then what peace terms would be safe?

A. Only those which compel Germany to make all the reparation possible for what she has destroyed, to restore everything she has taken and retains by force, to reduce armaments in com-

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mon with other nations, and to respect just international laws between Germany and other nations.

Q. What will America gain by enforcing terms so mild?

A. A new enlightenment for the whole world and safety for posterity.

The Junior Red Cross

By Mrs. Louise F. Brand, Milwaukee

School children of America, our country calls us to service in the greatest, the most terrible war that the world has ever known. It has work for us to do, and it is therefore enlisting us in a mighty army and making it possible for us, the boys and girls of these United States, to have our share in the winning of this war. Like that greater army of American soldiers now in France or preparing for service on the firing line, this new army is fighting for peace, for world-wide democracy, and for lasting security from the horrors and dangers of war.

We do not need to wait until we are men and women grown to prove our loyalty and our devotion. The Junior Red Cross gives us our opportunity. It belongs to the boys and girls of the United States. It is the Nation's response to our eager cry, "Give us something to do. We also want to help." Through it we can reach out kindly hands to suffering nations beyond the seas, we can minister to our wounded soldiers, and we can have a part in saving little children from starvation and in giving them a chance to live.

We have reason to take preat pride in the Junior Red Cross and in making it a worthy expression of the patriotism and the self-sacrificing spirit which this country has a right to expect of us as citizens. For the first time in the history of the world a nation has called on its boys and its girls for a definite, organized war service. It has recognized the schools as a part of the nation's life today and not merely as a preparation for the duties which will come with manhood and womanhood. It has asked that a part of the schoolroom activities be devoted to practical, patriotic service and the schools from one end of the country to the other are responding most magnificently.

The history of the Junior Red Cross is a most unusual one.

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When the United States entered this war, there was no such organization. There were many ways in which men who could go into the army or navy could serve their country. There were many ways in which the women and older girls could band themselves together and work for soldiers and sailors. But there was no organization of the children, although in a vast number of schools in all parts of the country they began their war work under the direction of the teachers very soon after the first call to arms. The American Red Cross was quick to see what a great working power existed in the schools and decided to mobilize this power by organizing a Junior Red Cross.

On the fifteenth of September, 1917, five months after the United States entered the war, President Woodrow Wilson, who is also President of the American Red Cross and commander-in-chief of our armies, issued a proclamation to the school children of the United States. In it he said:

"The American Red Cross has just prepared a Junior Membership with School Activities in which every pupil in the United States can find a chance to serve our country. The school is the natural center of your life. Through it you can best work in the great cause of freedom to which we have all pledged ourselves.

"Our Junior Red Cross will bring to you opportunities of service to your communities and to other communities all over the world and guide your service with high and religious ideals. It will teach you how to prepare some of the supplies which wounded soldiers and homeless families lack. It will send to you, through the Red Cross bulletins, .the thrilling stories of relief and rescue. And best of all, more perfectly than through any of your other school lessons, you will learn by doing these kind things under your teachers' direction to be the future good citizens of this great country which we all love."

It is with the high endorsement of the President, therefore, that the Junior Red Cross has begun its work. In all that work, it aims to teach the highest type of citizenship and to enlist every boy and girl for the kind of patriotic service which will make good citizens in peace times as well as in war. It wants us all to realize that to give our best service we must be strong and well ourselves and that health is as important in the citizen as it is in the soldier. It wants us to help in teaching the value

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of health to other people and to work for the prevention of needless diseases like tuberculosis, whooping cough, scarlet fever, measles, and diphtheria. That is work that we are helping in every year when we sell Red Cross Christmas seals. And then it wants us to work with our hands, making supplies; to save without grumbling the kinds of food the government asks us to save, to buy Thrift Stamps and War Savings Certificates so that the United States may use the money in buying guns, clothing, and food for our soldiers and our allies; to urge our parents and our older brothers and sisters to buy Liberty Bonds; to help with the war gardens and the farm work whenever we can; and to remember that we are junior soldiers and that it is the first duty of a soldier to obey orders promptly and cheerfully.

It is a wonderful opportunity that is thus given the boys and girls of America to work together for the great common cause. In the little school houses far out in country, as well as in the schools of the larger villages and the cities, the children are doing their bit and learning that doing their bit means doing their very best. Across the ocean little Belgian and French children are being kept warm by clothing made in our school houses, soldiers are sleeping under blankets or wearing sweaters, scarfs, and wristlets knit by our girls,—and by our boys, too; for in many schools the boys are both knitting and sewing, feeling that it is manly work indeed when done for the men, the women, and the children who are facing death for us. But there is other work for the boys to do, also, and some of this work is outlined in a Manual on War Relief Activities for Schools which has been issued by the American Red Cross.

"If every school child were to make just one article, the total would be 22,000,000," says this manual.

And so in our schools to-day we are piling up millions and millions of articles for shipment to our soldiers and our allies across the seas. Every school, no matter how small or how far out in the country it is, can have its Junior Red Cross. Every school in which there is a Junior Red Cross is entitled to a Red Cross banner. What a splendid thing it would be if every school in Wisconsin were to win this banner, if every boy and girl in the state were to enlist for active, loyal service. By calling on us for this service, the nation has placed a high trust in us. We must prove worthy of that trust.

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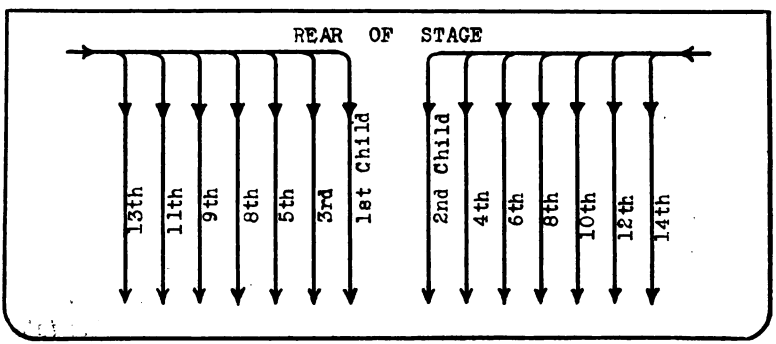
Allied Nations Flag Drill

By Miss Cornelia Cooper and Miss Irma J. Baus,
Madison High School

Divide group of children into two divisions, seven in each division. The first child enters from left side at rear of stage, the second from the right side, and so on.

I. The first child marches in a straight line across rear of stage to left center rear, turns a square corner and marches to front of stage and then marks time with hand at salute*.

The second child marches in, in the same manner, as soon as the first child has reached the center of rear of stage. All follow in succession, but third child turns before reaching center of rear of stage, in order to march forward to front of stage in a straight line forming to the left of child in front. The remaining children gauge distance so as to march forward in a straight line, until all are in line in front of stage.



All mark time with hand at salute until all children are in line.

II. The line divides in the middle, and all wheel backward, the two children at the ends of the line acting as pivots (8 counts).

Children now are in two straight lines at sides of stage, facing center stage. Mark time (8 counts).

III. March forward (8 counts)
Salute and mark time (8 counts)

*The "at salute" is that used in the flag salute.

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March backward (8 counts)
Mark time (8 counts)
March forward (8 counts)
Each grasps right hand of pupil opposite and marks time (8 counts).

IV. First two children at front stage drop hands, raise flags to form arch. Beginning with foot couple all couples in succession walk forward under arch, forming an arch as soon as they reach the front of stage. As soon as the second couple has gone under arch of the first couple, the first couple moves toward rear of stage, each couple following until all have passed under. The head couple will now be at the foot, and the foot couple at the head, and all couples are forming arches with flags.

V. Flag at shoulder. All march backward (8 counts)
Mark time (8 counts)
March forward and form arches with flags
Foot couple marches under arches (flags at shoulder), all couples following. When the successive couples reach front of stage they turn and march to the left in single file (the child carrying the United States flag will be the leader), and form a spiral. When the spiral is finished all face front, at the same time forming in three lines, one behind the other.

All sing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic.* At the chorus, the children wave the flags, keeping time with the music.

Each child will carry a flag of one of the allied countries* and come upon the stage in the order of the entrance of his or her particular country into the war. The list does not include all the countries which have actually declared war on the central powers. Russia has been omitted on account of the separate peace which she has entered into. San Marino, Panama, Siam, and Liberia have been omitted in order that the number taking part might be restricted to meet average conditions. Schools which desire to do so, may of course add these last four to the drill. In that case, San Marino should come next after Italy; Panama, after Cuba; Siam, after Greece; Liberia, after Siam.

***Pictures of these flags may be found in the Red Cross Magazine for January, 1918, or in an up-to-date unabridged distionary, and may be easily made by the pupils out of bunting.**

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It may be that modifications as to countries represented will have to be made because of developments in the World War unforeseen at the time the drill was prepared.

The child carrying the flag of Serbia will enter 1st
The child carrying the flag of Belgium will enter 2nd
The child carrying the flag of France will enter 3rd
The child carrying the flag of Gt. Britain will enter 4th
The child carrying the flag of Montenegro will enter 5th
The child carrying the flag of Japan will enter 6th
The child carrying the flag of Portugal will enter 7th
The child carrying the flag of Italy will enter 8th
The child carrying the flag of Rumania will enter 9th
The child carrying the flag of U. S. will enter 10th
The child carrying the flag of Cuba will enter 11th
The child carrying the flag of Greece will enter 12th
The child carrying the flag of China will enter 13th
The child carrying the flag of Brazil will enter 14th.

As regards suitable music for the drill it is suggested that for the entrance of the various countries—snatches of each nation's national anthem be played as that nation enters. When all are arranged in the straight line across the front of the stage let *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* be played through to the close of the drill. If a school is unable to procure each nation's national air *The Battle Hymn of the Republic** may be used throughout.

For bulletins giving accurate information on various phases of the World War, address

Committee on Public Information,
10 Jackson Place
Washington, D. C.

It is very probable that this song will soon become the "Battle Hymn of the World" and hence seems most fitting to be used in a drill of this sort.

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Law of 1917 Provides Municipal Funds May be Expended for Memorial Day Celebrations

Chapter 216, Laws 1917, provides as follows: "It shall be lawful for the boards of any town, village, or city of the fourth class in this state at any regular or special meeting to vote any sum of money not exceeding one hundred dollars in any one year; in any city of the second or third class any sum of money not exceeding one hundred and fifty dollars in any one year; in any city of the first class any sum of money not exceeding one thousand dollars in any one year; for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the proper observance of Memorial or Decoration Day, which amount shall be assessed, levied, and collected in the same manner as other expenses of said town, village, or city are assessed, levied, and collected, and shall be paid to the supervisor, president, or mayor of such town, village, or city, and be disbursed by him in such manner as the town or village board or city council of such town, village, or city may direct upon the vouchers properly receipted and audited by the town, village, or city board.

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Our Orders

Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights!
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the nights.

Weave but the flags whose bars today
Drooped heavy o'er our early dead.
And homely garments, coarse and gray,
For orphans that must earn their bread!

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,
That poured delight from other lands!
Rouse there the dancer's restless feet;
The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words
With mystic fame and subtle power,
Go, chatter to the idle birds,
Or teach the lesson of the hour!

Ye Sybil Arts, in one stern knot
Be all your offices combined;
Stand close, while Courage draws the lot,
The destiny of human kind.

And if that destiny could fail,
The sun should darken in the sky,
The eternal bloom of Nature pale,
And God, and Truth, and Freedom die!

—JULIA WARD HOWE.

The above poem was written by the author of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* during the Civil War. Its spirit and purpose are applicable in this World War. Let those who cannot serve at the front bend all their energies to the united support of those fighting there for liberty as "the destiny of human kind."

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In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If you break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

—JOHN MCCRAE, *Chief Medical officer of the Canadian brigade, who recently died of pneumonia.*

Americans, Hail!

Frank offspring of that all-adventuring land,
Where, in the petty fray of Lexington,
Thrice fifty Summers down the wondrous Past,
Began no less a duel than of Night
And Morning, that was world-watched eight loud years,
Till Morning triumphed, and the watchers knew
America's soil and soul for ever free:
O if you fight as well upon our side
As once you fought against us, how can then
This cause, which is your own and ours and Man's
Do aught but conquer? You are come to us
Full of the strong wine of your Western air,
Full of the marrow and the sap of life,
Full of the tingle of youth and maiden valour.
You come as Spring comes to the Winter fields
When she has hovered long betwixt "I will"
And many a coy "I will not": for even so
You hovered, halting betwixt "Yea" and "Nay,"
Then thundered "Yea" and hurled your doubts afar.
And not more beautiful upon the mountains
Were ever yet the feet of him that brought
Glad tidings, than your prows upon the sea.

—First stanza of *Americans, Hail!* by WILLIAM WATSON. The complete poem can be obtained on application to University Extension Division, Madison.

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The Service Flag

A field of gleaming white,
A border ruby red,
And a blazing star
That is seen afar
As it flutters overhead.

From the window of a cot,
From the mansion on the hill,
Sends that banner fair,
Beyond compare,
Its loyal message still.

"A man beloved and dear,
O land, I've given to you.
He has gone to fight
On the side of right;
To Old Glory he'll be true!"

It floats from learning's halls
And within the busy mart,
Where its crowded stars
Form growing bars
To rejoice the drooping heart.

Each star stands for a life,
To the nation gladly given,
For an answered prayer
To those "over there,"
Though a mother's heart be riven.

We pass with kindling eye
Beneath your colors true;
A nation's love,
A nation's hope
Are bound in the heart of you!

MRS. JOSEPHINE M. FABRICANT, in
The New York Herald.

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The Kid has Gone to War

The Kid has gone to the colors,
And we don't know what to say;
The Kid we have loved and cuddled
Stepped out for the flag today.
We thought him a child, a baby,
With never a care at all;
But his country called him man-size—
And the Kid has heard the call.

He paused to watch the recruiting,
Where, fired by the fife and drum,
He bowed his head to old glory
And thought that it whispered "Come!"
The Kid, not being a slacker,
Stood forth with patriotic joy
To add his name to the rest—
And, God! we're proud of the boy!

The Kid has gone to the colors;
It seems but a little while
Since he drilled a schoolboy army
In a truly martial style.
But now he's a man, a soldier,
And we lend him a listening ear;
For his heart is a heart all loyal,
Unscourged by the curse of fear.

His dad, when he told him, shuddered;
His mother—God bless her!—cried;
Yet, blessed with a mother nature
She wept with a mother pride.
But he whose old shoulders straightened
Was grand-dad—for memory ran
To years when he, too, a youngster,
Was changed by the Flag to a man!

—WILLIAM M. HERSCHELL, in *Patriotic Bulletin*,
Washington Dept. of Education.

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To the Belgians

O race that Caesar knew,
That won stern Roman praise,
What land not envies you
The laurel of these days?

You built your cities rich
Around each towered hall,—
Without, the statued niche,
Within, the pictured wall.

Your ship-thronged wharves, your marts
With gorgeous Venice vied.
Peace and her famous arts
Were yours: though tide on tide

Of Europe's battle scourged
Black field and reddened soil,
From blood and smoke emerged
Peace and her fruitful toil.

Yet when the challenge rang,
"The War-Lord comes; give room!"
Fearless to arms you sprang
Against the odds of doom.

Like your own Damien
Who sought that leper's isle
To die a simple man
For men with tranquil smile,

So strong in faith you dared
Defy the giant, scorn
Ignobly to be spared,
Though trampled, spoiled, and torn,

And in your faith arose
And smote, and smote again,
Till those astonished foes
Reeled from their mounds of slain,

The faith that the free soul,
Untaught by force to quail,
Through fire and dirge and dole
Prevails and shall prevail.

Still for your frontier stands
The host that knew no dread,
Your little, stubborn land's
Nameless, immortal dead.

—LAURENCE BINYON, in the *New York Times*.
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A Twentieth Century Paul Revere

Listen, my children,
and you shall hear
Of a Twentieth Century
Paul Revere;
Of a brave young Scout
on a valiant steed,
Who rode a race
for his Country's need.
He heard of his Country's call
for men;
He heard of their sacrifice,
and then—
He heard of the need
for money, too;
For food and clothes
to help them through.
He wanted to help
though he could not fight,
He wanted to serve
in the cause of right.
So he mounted his horse,
Thrift Card in hand,
And rode and rode
throughout the land.
"Money!" he cried,
"Money for clothes!"
"The boys in the trenches!"—
off he goes;
And 'mid the sound
of the clattering hoofs
The call re-echoed
across the roofs—
"Gather your nickels!
Gather your dimes!
"Help the Nation!
Prepare, these Times!
"Lend Uncle Sam
a part of your pay!
"Store up! Store up!
for a rainy day."
The people heard,
As the Scout flashed by,
They heard his fervent,
earnest cry.
And out of the stockings
laid away,
And out of the closets
hid from day,
They gathered their savings
of many years
And poured them forth
with hearty cheers.
"Take these," they cried,
in the cause of right,
"We'll do our bit—
and add our mite,"
"We'll help to fight
and win this war,
"We'll save as ne'er
we saved before."
And when the Scout
on his valiant steed
Had spread the call
of his Country's need,
He drew the reins
as he reached his home
And patted the neck
all flecked with foam.
"Our work is done,"
he said, "Old Man—
The Nation's roused
to a War-Thrift Plan."

—BENNETT CHAPPLE.

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I Have a Rendezvous with Death

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse night to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear....
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

—From POEMS BY ALAN SEEGER; copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Name of France

Give us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art,—
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right,—
A name like a star, a name of light.
I give you *France!*

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Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood,—
A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong,—
A name that rings like a battle-song.
I give you *France!*

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword,—
A name that calls on the world to share
In the burden of sacrificial strife
Where the cause at stake is the world's free life
And the rule of the people everywhere,—
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.
I give you *France!*

—HENRY VAN DYKE. From *The Red Flower: Poems Written in War Time;* copyright, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Suggested Stanzas

To be Sung as concluding stanzas to "America"

The first of the following stanzas is suggested by The National Conference of Music Supervisors; the second stanza was written by Hon. P. W. Peterson, Member of the Assembly from Racine County.

God save our noble men,
Send them safe home again,
God save our men.
Chivalrous, glorious,
From work laborious,
Send them victorious,
God save our men.

God bless our Badger Boys,
And fill their hearts with joys
Of righteousness;
We know our fight is just,
We know that win we must,
Autocracy must bite the dust
For Freedom's sake.

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War Rounds

The following six rounds, prepared by Professor PETER W. DYKEMA, of the School of Music, University of Wisconsin, are to be sung to the tunes of the rounds having the corresponding numbers on pages 28-29 in *Fifty-five Songs for Community Singing,* published by C. C. Birchard & Co., Boston, Mass., and listing at ten cents.

No. 28

Hoe, hoe, hoe your row,
Spring and summer days,
Merrily do your bit,
Cheerily stick to it,
Raising beans and maize.

No. 29

Hark! the joyful voices ringing,
Children singing.
Soldier hands the bells are swinging,
Freedom bringing.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.

No. 30

Are you serving, are you saving
Boys and girls, come along.
Saving stamps will help you
Ring the bells for Freedom
Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.

No. 31

Good night, bonnie flag
Of red, white, and blue.
May God guard you safely
The stormy night through,
Good night, good night, good night, good night.

No. 32

Hark! 'Tis your country calling for you
Pay your allegiance, pledge her anew,
Life, fortune, and honor.

No. 33

Cheerily, cheerily lend a hand
Sturdily, sturdily, take your stand.
Save of your sugar, bread, and meat,
That soldiers may have bread to eat.

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To Arms!

(Tune: Maryland, My Maryland)

To arms, Columbia, nor let
One drop of patriot blood grow pale,
Meet like with like till from the earth
And sea shall die war's final wail!
Thy ancient traits, Oh, ne'er forget
While Bunker Hill's great shaft shall rise,
And Revolutions lift mankind
Up sloping darkness to the skies!

To arms, Columbia, to arms!
Save all that's dear from flaming Mars,
Spare Earth's young manhood to fulfill
Fond dreams beneath the solemn stars;
Make this outrageous war so vast
No tyrant from it shall emerge,
The Ages call! Columbia, heed,
Stay not at peace to sing thy dirge!

Thou lovest peace, but Peace herself
Is buffetted by ruffian wars,
'Tis thine to interpose or else
Yield up the glory of thy stars!
Oh, wrest her beauty from vile hands—
'Tis she that now imploreth thee—
And for her future is our cry:
To arms, to arms, Columbia!

Thy children lie beneath the sea
Or moulder now in foreign dust,
We shrink to draw the fateful sword,
But duty calls us and we must;
'Tis Armageddon, and who fails
His arm will wither by his side,
Great World, awake and save thyself
For Earth and Heaven are defied!

By Washington's all dauntless name,
And Patrick Henry's fearless call,
By Jefferson's undying fame
And Liberty God meant for all,
To arms, Columbia, to arms!
The weeping world now turns to thee,
In Great Jehovah's name arise,
To arms, to arms, Columbia!

—JOHN F. HOWARD, Silver Lake Assembly, N. Y.

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The Land of Freedom

(To the tune of Dixie)

I live in the land of freedom's making
And I shout till hills are shaking:
Look away! look away! look away! Freedom's Land.
America's the promised nation
Where the world may find salvation.
Look away! look away! look away! Freedom's Land.

Chorus.
Then wave the free man's banner,
Hooray! hooray!
In freedom's name I stake my claim
And live and die for freedom,
I live, I die,
I live and die for freedom,
I live, I die,
I live and die for freedom.

I see Old Glory proudly streaming
And the stars and colors gleaming,
Look away! look away! look away! Freedom's Land.
My heart is like a band that's playing
While the whole wide world is saying:
Look away! look away! look away! Freedom's Land.

Chorus.

—LOUISE AYRES GARNETT, Evanston, Ill. Printed by permission.

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Marching Song of Freedom

(To the tune of "Marching through Georgia")

Liberty's crusaders have uprisen to their height,
Marching in a flaming host across the plains of night,
Trumpeting from hill to hill that Brotherhood is might,
Forward and conquer for Freedom!

CHORUS

Go forth, go forth, ye marching brotherhood!
Go forth, go forth, as valiant brothers should!
Save the world from tyranny and win the world for good,
Ye who are fighting for Freedom.

II.

God has blazed a message o'er the ramparts of the sky:
"On the cross no brother shall his brother crucify.
Give thy life to save him and thy life shall never die,
Ye who are fighting for Freedom."

CHORUS

III.

Whirlwinds of deliverance are encompassing the earth,
Sweeping through its crimson fields and round its sodden girth
Shouting with Jehovan breath the message of re-birth,
While we are fighting for Freedom.

CHORUS

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—LOUISE AYRES GARNETT. By permission of the publisher, Oliver Ditson Company,

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Carry On for Freedom

(Tune Dixie Land)

Oh, come ye stalwart sons of Freedom,
Follow where the battle's guidon
Leads away, leads away, leads away, follow on!
The tyrant seeks to smite and bind you,
Armed at the battle front he'll find you,
Fight away, fight away, fight away, carry on!

Chorus.
Then win this fight for Freedom,
Carry on, carry on!
For liberty we'll win the day
And bring to all men freedom,
Carry on, carry on!
We'll live and die for freedom,
Carry on, carry on,
We'll live and die for freedom!

Ye Southron men from the land of cotton,
Old time feuds long since forgotten,
Come along, come along, come along, hear the call
Ye Northerners in ranks unbroken,
Clasp their hands in sacred token,
Sing along, sing along, sing along, brothers all.

Chorus.

Hail comrades there across the ocean,
We come to share your heart's devotion
Everywhere, everywhere, everywhere for liberty.
United now our mighty nation,
On Freedom's shrine lays full oblation
Over there, over there, over there for liberty.

Chorus.

Tho Teuton kings would forge our fetters,
Americans will prove their betters,
Battle on, battle on, battle on to victory.
Let tyrants league themselves with demons
They'll not withstand heroic freemen,
Carry on, carry on, carry on to victory!
Chorus.

—LEO G. SCHUSSMANN, Kaukauna, Wis.

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Battle Hymn of the World War

That "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" is the song that, more than any other, bids fair to be the battle hymn of the Allied Nations will appear from the following appreciation of it written for the Memorial Day Annual by Professor Peter W. Dykema, University of Wisconsin.

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic" is entitled to special consideration as one of our great national songs for at least three reasons. First, altho it was written in the midst of one of the most terrible sectional strifes, our great Civil War, there is in it no word for sectional bitterness. Second, altho it is filled with the spirit of Americanism, there is in it no word which exalts our country above any other country. As a consequence, it can be sung equally well by those who are fighting for freedom in any part of the world. Third, it was written by a woman, and like that other great patriotic song written by a woman ("America, the Beautiful," by Katherine Lee Bates), it contains a mystical element that is frequently lacking in poetry written by men. Women have always treasured the world's doings in their hearts, have mused upon them, and then have given expression to their significance in statements that are almost prophetic. Both Julia Ward Howe and Katherine Lee Bates have valued highly the visions and dreams of the poet.

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic" has been made the official song of the soldier camps thruout the United States. As they go abroad, our boys sing it, and it is reported that all over Europe it is being sung more and more by our Allies. At a recent concert of American patriotic music in France, this was the song which was most enthusiastically received by the French audience.

"The high spiritual message of the words and the rousing, almost revival-like, character of the music, is making this the marching song of democracy thruout the world."

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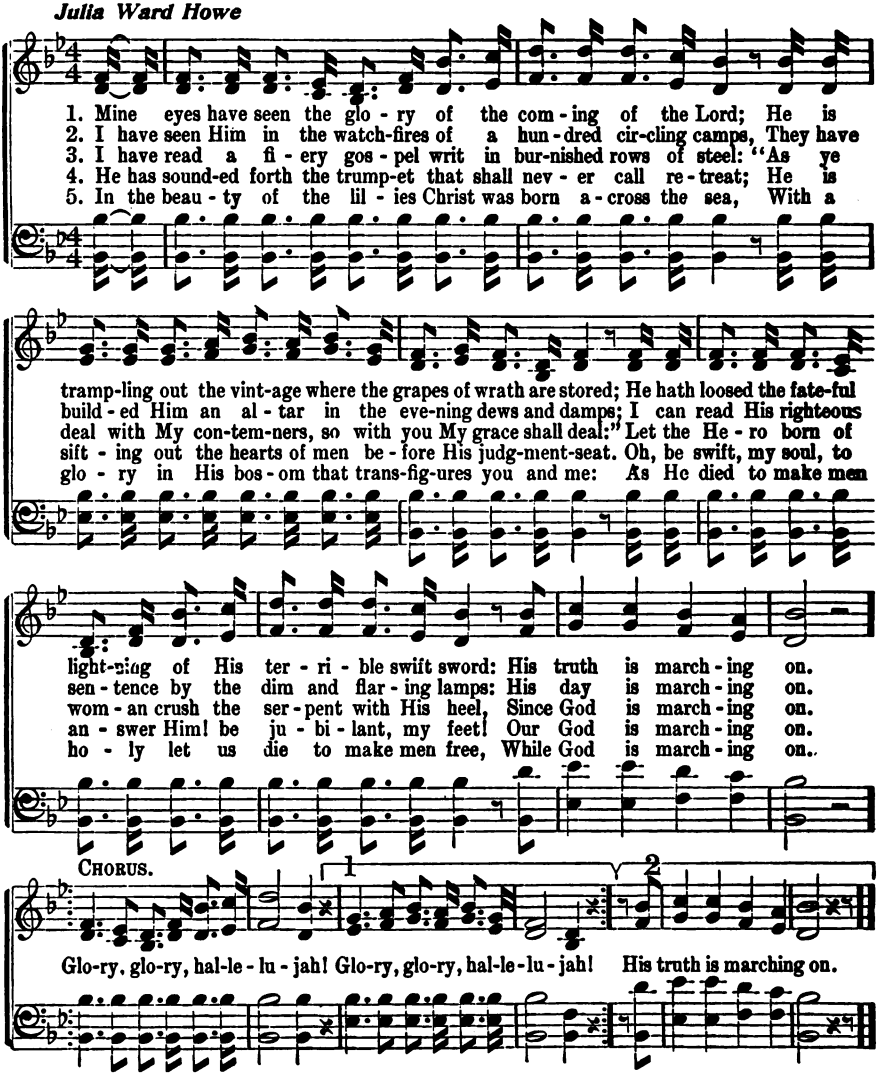
Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe



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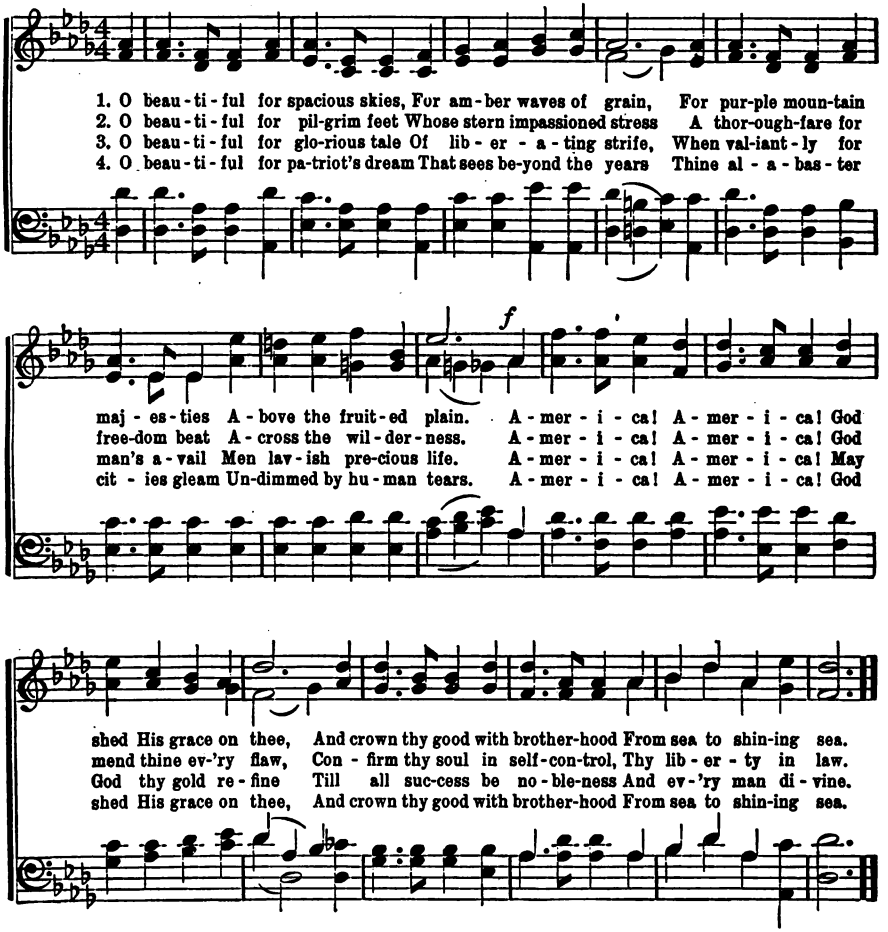
America, the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates *Samuel A. Ward*



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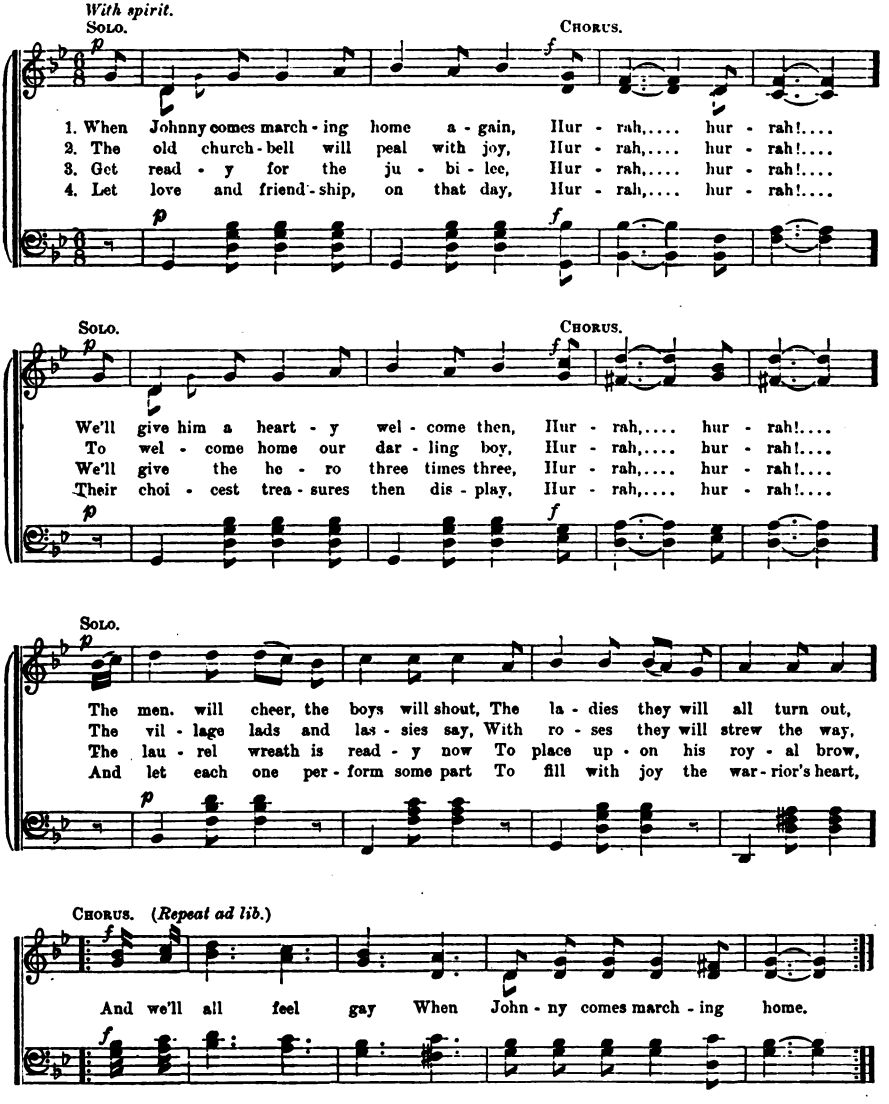
WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Words and music by Louis Lambert. **Arranged by George Rosey.**



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